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LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER XII. AND LAST.—EDUCATION OF INDIA SINCE 1835 (WITH A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED MINUTE OF LORD MACAULAY).

MOfUSSILPORE, *July 20, 1864.*

DEAR SIMKINS,—You will be glad to hear that I passed my second examination some three weeks ago, and have since been settled here as an assistant to Tom Goddard. He set me to work at first upon the Government School, which was not in a satisfactory state; and I have gained some valuable experience about the operation of our system of public instruction. The natives of India do not seem willing to adopt Christianity as a compensation for the loss of national independence; but there can be no question whether or not they appreciate the blessings of a sound European education. That we have been enabled to offer to our subjects in the East a boon so acceptable, is due mainly to the exertions of a great man, who, for the space of more than three years, laboured to direct the whole course of instruction into the channels which it at present occupies. To describe with my feeble pen the nature of the change which he introduced would be vain and presumptuous indeed, when he has left a monument of that change in his own immortal words. Strange it is, while rummaging among the dusty records of the Public Offices at Calcutta, to light upon a yellow bundle of foolscap, tied up with frayed and faded tape, and honeycombed by the ravages of generations of white ants. To judge from the appearance, it might well be an ancient minute upon the question of Half Batta, or the spread of Russian influence in

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Affghanistan, indited by some bygone councillor who now lies under the grass of a church-yard at Cheltenham, or dozes over "Allen's Indian Mail" in the subscription reading-room at Torquay. Unfold the packet, and every page teems with the vivid thought, the glowing fancy, the grand yet simple diction which has already become classic wherever the English tongue is spoken or the English literature studied; which ages hence will be familiar whether to the New Zealander, who from that broken arch of London Bridge contemplates the ruins of St. Paul's, or (as is far more probable) to the student in some Anglo-Saxon college founded on the site of a stockade of the Maori race, already long extinguished by the combined influence of fire-water and progressive civilization.

At the commencement of the year 1835, the operations of the Committee of Public Instruction, of which Macaulay was President, were brought to a stand by a decided difference of opinion. Half of the members were in favour of Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit learning; and the other half in favour of English and the vernacular. The battle was fought out over a sum of ten thousand pounds, set apart by Parliament for the promotion of literature and science. When the matter came before the Council, Macaulay drew up the following minute, which is endorsed thus:—

"I give my entire concurrence to the sentiments expressed in this minute.

"W. BENTINCK."

"2d February, 1835.

"As it seems to be the opinion of some of the gentlemen who compose the Committee of Public Instruction, that the course which they have hitherto pursued was strictly prescribed by the British Parliament in 1813, and as, if that opinion be correct, a legislative Act will be necessary to warrant a change, I have thought it right to refrain from taking any part in the preparation of the adverse statements which are now before us, and to reserve what I had to say on the subject till it should come before me as a member of the Council of India.

"It does not appear to me that the Act of Parliament can, by any art of construction, be made to bear the meaning which has been assigned to it. It contains nothing about the particular languages or sciences which are to be studied. A sum is set apart for the revival and promotion of literature and the encouragement of the learned natives of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories." It is argued, or rather taken for granted, that by literature the Parliament can have meant only Arabic and Sanscrit literature, that they never would have given the honourable appellation of 'a learned native' to a native who was familiar with the poetry of Milton, the metaphysics of Locke, and the physics of Newton; but that they meant to designate by that name only such persons as might have studied in the sacred books of the Hindoos all the uses of cusa-grass, and all the mysteries of absorption into the Deity. This does not appear to be a very satisfactory interpretation. To take a parallel case; suppose that the Pacha of Egypt, a country once superior in knowledge to the nations of Europe, but now sunk far below them, were to appropriate a sum for the purpose of 'reviving and promoting literature, and encouraging learned natives of Egypt,' would anybody infer that he meant the youth of his pachalic to give years to the study of hieroglyphics, to search into all the doctrines disguised under the fable of Osiris, and to ascertain with all possible accuracy the ritual with which cats and onions were anciently adored? Would he be justly charged with inconsistency, if, instead of employing his young subjects in deciphering obelisks, he were to order them to be instructed in the English and French languages, and in all the sciences to which those languages are the chief keys?

"The words on which the supporters of the old system rely do not bear them out, and other words follow which seem to be quite decisive on the other side. This lac of rupees is set apart, not only for 'reviving literature in India,' the phrase on which their whole interpretation is founded, but also for 'the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories,—words which are alone

sufficient to authorize all the changes for which I contend.

"If the Council agree in my construction, no legislative Act will be necessary. If they differ from me, I will prepare a short Act rescinding that clause of the Charter of 1813 from which the difficulty arises.

"The argument which I have been considering affects only the form of proceeding. But the admirers of the Oriental system of education have used another argument, which, if we admit it to be valid, is decisive against all change. They conceive that the public faith is pledged to the present system, and that to alter the appropriation of any of the funds which have hitherto been spent in encouraging the study of Arabic and Sanscrit would be downright spoliation. It is not easy to understand by what process of reasoning they can have arrived at this conclusion. The grants which are made from the public purse for the encouragement of literature differed in no respect from the grants which are made from the same purse for other objects of real or supposed utility. We found a sanatorium on a spot which we suppose to be healthy. Do we thereby pledge ourselves to keep a sanatorium there, if the result should not answer our expectation? We commence the erection of a pier. Is it a violation of the public faith to stop the works, if we afterwards see reason to believe that the building will be useless? The rights of property are undoubtedly sacred. But nothing endangers those rights so much as the practice, now unhappily too common, of attributing them to things to which they do not belong. Those who would impart to abuses the sanctity of property are in truth imparting to the institution of property the unpopularity and the fragility of abuses. If the Government has given to any person a formal assurance; nay, if the Government has excited in any person's mind a reasonable expectation that he shall receive a certain income as a teacher or a learner of Sanscrit or Arabic, I would respect that person's pecuniary interests—I would rather err on the side of liberality to individuals than suffer the public faith to be called in question. But to talk of a Government pledging itself to teach certain languages and certain sciences, though those languages may become useless, though those sciences may be exploded, seems to me quite unmeaning. There is not a single word in any public instructions from which it can be inferred that the Indian Government ever intended to give any pledge on this subject, or ever considered the destination of these funds as unalterably fixed. But, had it been otherwise, I should have denied the competence of our predecessors to bind us by any pledge on such a subject. Suppose that a Government had in the last century enacted in the most solemn manner that all its subjects should, to the end of time, be inoculated for the small-pox: would that Government be bound to persist in the practice after Jenner's

discovery? These promises, of which nobody claims the performance, and from which nobody can grant a release; these vested rights, which vest in nobody; this property without proprietors; this robbery, which makes nobody poorer, may be comprehended by persons of higher faculties than mine—I consider this plea merely as a set form of words, regularly used both in England and in India, in defence of every abuse for which no other plea can be set up.

“I hold this lac of rupees to be quite at the disposal of the Governor-General in Council, for the purpose of promoting learning in India, in any way which may be thought most advisable. I hold his Lordship to be quite as free to direct that it shall no longer be employed in encouraging Arabic and Sanscrit, as he is to direct that the reward for killing tigers in Mysore shall be diminished, or that no more public money shall be expended on the chanting at the cathedral.

“We now come to the gist of the matter. We have a fund to be employed as Government shall direct for the intellectual improvement of the people of this country. The simple question is, what is the most useful way of employing it?

“All parties seem to be agreed on one point, that the dialects commonly spoken among the natives of this part of India contain neither literary nor scientific information, and are, moreover, so poor and rude that, until they are enriched from some other quarter, it will not be easy to translate any valuable work into them. It seems to be admitted on all sides that the intellectual improvement of those classes of the people who have the means of pursuing higher studies can at present be effected only by means of some language not vernacular amongst them.

“What then shall that language be? One-half of the Committee maintain that it should be the English. The other half strongly recommend the Arabic and Sanscrit. The whole question seems to me to be, which language is the best worth knowing?

“I have no knowledge of either Sanscrit or Arabic.—But I have done what I could to form a correct estimate of their value. I have read translations of the most celebrated Arabic and Sanscrit works. I have conversed both here and at home with men distinguished by their proficiency in the Eastern tongues. I am quite ready to take the Oriental learning at the valuation of the Orientalists themselves. I have never found one among them who could deny that a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia. The intrinsic superiority of the Western literature is, indeed, fully admitted by those members of the Committee who support the Oriental plan of education.

“It will hardly be disputed, I suppose, that the department of literature in which the Eastern writers stand highest is poetry. And I certainly never met with any Orientalist who ventured to maintain that the Arabic and

Sanscrit poetry could be compared to that of the great European nations. But, when we pass from works of imagination to works in which facts are recorded and general principles investigated, the superiority of the Europeans becomes absolutely immeasurable. It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say, that all the historical information which has been collected from all the books written in the Sanscrit language is less valuable than what may be found in the most paltry abridgments used at preparatory schools in England. In every branch of physical or moral philosophy the relative position of the two nations is nearly the same.

“How, then, stands the case? We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother-tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands pre-eminent even among the languages of the West. It abounds with works of imagination not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; with models of every species of eloquence; with historical compositions, which, considered merely as narratives, have seldom been surpassed, and which, considered as vehicles of ethical and political instruction, have never been equalled; with just and lively representations of human life and human nature; with the most profound speculations on metaphysics, morals, government, jurisprudence, and trade; with full and correct information respecting every experimental science which tends to preserve the health, to increase the comfort, or to expand the intellect of man. Whoever knows that language, has ready access to all the vast intellectual wealth, which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. It may safely be said that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together. Nor is this all. In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is spoken by the higher class of natives at the seats of Government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European communities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia; communities which are every year becoming more important, and more closely connected with our Indian empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature, or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects.

“The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language, we shall teach languages in which, by universal confession, there are no books on any subject which deserve to be compared to

our own ; whether, when we can teach European science, we shall teach systems which, by universal confession, whenever they differ from those of Europe, differ for the worse ; and whether, when we can patronise sound Philosophy and true History, we shall countenance, at the public expense, medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier—Astronomy, which would move laughter in girls at an English boarding school—History, abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long—and Geography, made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter.

"We are not without experience to guide us. History furnishes several analogous cases, and they all teach the same lesson. There are in modern times, to go no further, two memorable instances of a great impulse given to the mind of a whole society—of prejudices overthrown—of knowledge diffused—of taste purified—of arts and sciences planted in countries which had recently been ignorant and barbarous.

"The first instance to which I refer is the great revival of letters among the Western nations at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time almost everything that was worth reading was contained in the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Had our ancestors acted as the Committee of Public Instruction has hitherto acted ; had they neglected the language of Cicero and Tacitus ; had they confined their attention to the old dialects of our own island ; had they printed nothing and taught nothing at the universities but Chronicles in Anglo-Saxon and Romances in Norman-French, would England have been what she now is ? What the Greek and Latin were to the contemporaries of More and Ascham, our tongue is to the people of India. The literature of England is now more valuable than that of classical antiquity. I doubt whether the Sanscrit literature be as valuable as that of our Saxon and Norman progenitors. In some departments—in History, for example—I am certain that it is much less so.

"Another instance may be said to be still before our eyes. Within the last hundred and twenty years, a nation which had previously been in a state as barbarous as that in which our ancestors were before the crusades, has gradually emerged from the ignorance in which it was sunk, and has taken its place among civilized communities—I speak of Russia. There is now in that country a large educated class, abounding with persons fit to serve the state in the highest functions, and in no wise inferior to the most accomplished men who adorn the best circles of Paris and London. There is reason to hope that this vast empire, which in the time of our grandfathers was probably behind the Punjab, may, in the time of our grandchildren, be pressing close on France and Britain in the career of improvement. And how was this change effected ? Not by flattering national prejudices : not by

feeding the mind of the young Muscovite with the old woman's stories which his rude fathers had believed : not by filling his head with lying legends about St. Nicholas : not by encouraging him to study the great question, whether the world was or was not created on the 13th of September : not by calling him 'a learned native,' when he has mastered all these points of knowledge : but by teaching him those foreign languages in which the greatest mass of information had been laid up, and thus putting all that information within his reach. The languages of Western Europe civilized Russia. I cannot doubt that they will do for the Hindoo what they have done for the Tartar.

"And what are the arguments against that course which seems to be alike recommended by theory and by experience ? It is said that we ought to secure the co-operation of the native public, and that we can do this only by teaching Sanscrit and Arabic.

"I can by no means admit that, when a nation of high intellectual attainments undertakes to superintend the education of a nation comparatively ignorant, the learners are absolutely to prescribe the course which is to be taken by the teachers. It is not necessary, however, to say anything on this subject. For it is proved by unanswerable evidence that we are not at present securing the co-operation of the natives. It would be bad enough to consult their intellectual taste at the expense of their intellectual health. But we are consulting neither—we are withholding from them the learning for which they are craving ; we are forcing on them the mock-learning which they nauseate.

"This is proved by the fact that we are forced to pay our Arabic and Sanscrit students, while those who learn English are willing to pay us. All the declamations in the world about the love and reverence of the natives for their sacred dialects will never, in the mind of any impartial person, outweigh the undisputed fact, that we cannot find, in all our vast empire, a single student who will let us teach him those dialects unless we will pay him.

"I have now before me the accounts of the Madrasa for one month—the month of December, 1833. The Arabic students appear to have been seventy-seven in number. All receive stipends from the public. The whole amount paid to them is above 500 rupees a month. On the other side of the account stands the following item : Deduct amount realized from the out-students of English for the months of May, June and July last, 103 rupees.

"I have been told that it is merely from want of local experience that I am surprised at these phenomena, and that it is not the fashion for students in India to study at their own charges. This only confirms me in my opinion. Nothing is more certain than that it never can in any part of the world be necessary to pay men for doing what they think

pleasant and profitable. India is no exception to this rule. The people of India do not require to be paid for eating rice when they are hungry, or for wearing woollen cloth in the cold season. To come nearer to the case before us, the children who learn their letters and a little elementary Arithmetic from the village schoolmaster are not paid by him. He is paid for teaching them. Why then is it necessary to pay people to learn Sanscrit and Arabic? Evidently because it is universally felt that the Sanscrit and Arabic are languages the knowledge of which does not compensate for the trouble of acquiring them. On all such subjects the state of the market is the decisive test.

"Other evidence is not wanting, if other evidence were required. A petition was presented last year to the Committee by several ex-students of the Sanscrit College. The petitioners stated that they had studied in the college ten or twelve years; that they had made themselves acquainted with Hindoo literature and science; that they had received certificates of proficiency: and what is the fruit of all this? 'Notwithstanding such testimonials,' they say, 'we have but little prospect of bettering our condition without the kind assistance of your Honourable Committee, the indifference with which we are generally looked upon by our countrymen leaving no hope of encouragement and assistance from them.' They therefore beg that they may be recommended to the Governor-General for places under the Government, not places of high dignity or emolument, but such as may just enable them to exist. 'We want means,' they say, 'for a decent living, and for our progressive improvement, which, however, we cannot obtain without the assistance of Government, by whom we have been educated and maintained from childhood.' They conclude by representing, very pathetically, that they are sure that it was never the intention of Government, after behaving so liberally to them during their education, to abandon them to destitution and neglect.

"I have been used to see petitions to Government for compensation. All these petitions, even the most unreasonable of them, proceeded on the supposition that some loss had been sustained—that some wrong had been inflicted. These are surely the first petitioners who ever demanded compensation for having been educated gratis—for having been supported by the public during twelve years, and then sent forth into the world well-furnished with literature and science. They represent their education as an injury which gives them a claim on the Government for redress, as an injury for which the stipends paid to them during the infliction were a very inadequate compensation. And I doubt not that they are in the right. They have wasted the best years of life in learning what procures for them neither bread nor respect. Surely we might, with advantage, have saved the cost of making these

persons useless and miserable; surely, men may be brought up to be burdens to the public and objects of contempt to their neighbours at a somewhat smaller charge to the state. But such is our policy. We do not even stand neuter in the contest between truth and falsehood. We are not content to leave the natives to the influence of their own hereditary prejudices. To the natural difficulties which obstruct the progress of sound science in the East we add fresh difficulties of our own making. Bounties and premiums, such as ought not to be given even for the propagation of truth, we lavish on false taste and false philosophy.

"By acting thus we create the very evil which we fear. We are making that opposition which we do not find. What we spend on the Arabic and Sanscrit colleges is not merely a dead loss to the cause of truth: it is bounty-money paid to raise up champions of error. It goes to form a nest, not merely of helpless place-hunters, but of bigots prompted alike by passion and by interest to raise a cry against every useful scheme of education. If there should be any opposition among the natives to the change which I recommend, that opposition will be the effect of our own system. It will be headed by persons supported by our stipends and trained in our colleges. The longer we persevere in our present course, the more formidable will that opposition be. It will be every year reinforced by recruits whom we are paying. From the native society left to itself we have no difficulties to apprehend; all the murmuring will come from that oriental interest which we have, by artificial means, called into being, and nursed into strength.

"There is yet another fact, which is alone sufficient to prove that the feeling of the native public, when left to itself, is not such as the supporters of the old system represent it to be. The Committee have thought fit to lay out above a lac of rupees in printing Arabic and Sanscrit books. Those books find no purchasers. It is very rarely that a single copy is disposed of. Twenty-three thousand volumes, most of them folios and quartos, fill the libraries, or rather the lumber-rooms, of this body. The Committee contrive to get rid of some portion of their vast stock of Oriental literature by giving books away. But they cannot give so fast as they print. About twenty thousand rupees a year are spent in adding fresh masses of waste paper to a hoard which, I should think, is already sufficiently ample. During the last three years, about sixty thousand rupees have been expended in this manner. The sale of Arabic and Sanscrit books, during those three years, has not yielded quite one thousand rupees. In the mean time the School-book Society is selling seven or eight thousand English volumes every year, and not only pays the expenses of printing, but realizes a profit of 20 per cent. on its outlay.

"The fact that the Hindoo law is to be learned chiefly from Sanscrit books, and the

Mahomedan law from Arabic books, has been much insisted on, but seems not to bear at all on the question. We are commanded by Parliament to ascertain and digest the laws of India. The assistance of a law commission has been given to us for that purpose. As soon as the code is promulgated, the Shasters and the Hedaya will be useless to a Moonsiff or Sudder Ameen. I hope and trust that, before the boys who are now entering at the Madrassa and the Sanscrit college have completed their studies, this great work will be finished. It would be manifestly absurd to educate the rising generation with a view to a state of things which we mean to alter before they reach manhood.

"But there is yet another argument which seems even more untenable. It is said that the Sanscrit and Arabic are the languages in which the sacred books of a hundred millions of people are written, and that they are, on that account, entitled to peculiar encouragement. Assuredly it is the duty of the British Government in India to be not only tolerant, but neutral on all religious questions. But to encourage the study of a literature admitted to be of small intrinsic value only because that literature inculcates the most serious errors on the most important subjects, is a course hardly reconcilable with reason, with morality, or even with that very neutrality which ought, as we all agree, to be sacredly preserved. It is confessed that a language is barren of useful knowledge. We are to teach it because it is fruitful of monstrous superstitions. We are to teach false history, false astronomy, false medicine, because we find them in company with a false religion. We abstain, and I trust shall always abstain, from giving any public encouragement to those who are engaged in the work of converting natives to Christianity. And, while we act thus, can we reasonably and decently bribe men out of the revenues of the state to waste their youth in learning how they are to purify themselves after touching an ass, or what text of the Vedas they are to repeat to expiate the crime of killing a goat?

"It is taken for granted by the advocates of Oriental learning that no native of this country can possibly attain more than a mere smattering of English. They do not attempt to prove this; but they perpetually insinuate it. They designate the education which their opponents recommend as a mere spelling-book education. They assume it as undeniable, that the question is between a profound knowledge of Hindoo and Arabian literature and science on the one side, and a superficial knowledge of the rudiments of English on the other. This is not merely an assumption, but an assumption contrary to all reason and experience. We know that foreigners of all nations do learn our language sufficiently to have access to all the most abstruse knowledge which it contains, sufficiently to relish even the more delicate graces of our most idiomatic writers.

There are in this very town natives who are quite competent to discuss political or scientific questions with fluency and precision in the English language. I have heard the very question on which I am now writing discussed by native gentlemen with a liberality and an intelligence which would do credit to any member of the Committee of Public Instruction. Indeed, it is unusual to find, even in the literary circles of the continent, any foreigner who can express himself in English with so much facility and correctness as we find in many Hindoos. Nobody, I suppose, will contend that English is so difficult to a Hindoo as Greek to an Englishman. Yet an intelligent English youth, in a much smaller number of years than our unfortunate pupils pass at the Sanscrit college, becomes able to read, to enjoy, and even to imitate, not unhappily, the compositions of the best Greek authors. Less than half the time which enables an English youth to read Herodotus and Sophocles ought to enable a Hindoo to read Hume and Milton.

"To sum up what I have said, I think it clear that we are not fettered by the Act of Parliament of 1813; that we are not fettered by any pledge expressed or implied; that we are free to employ our funds as we choose; that we ought to employ them in teaching what is best worth knowing; that English is better worth knowing than Sanscrit or Arabic; that the natives are desirous to be taught English, and are not desirous to be taught Sanscrit or Arabic; that neither as the languages of law, nor as the languages of religion, have the Sanscrit and Arabic any peculiar claim to our encouragement; that it is possible to make natives of this country thoroughly good English scholars, and that to this end our efforts ought to be directed.

"In one point I fully agree with the gentlemen to whose general views I am opposed. I feel, with them, that it is impossible for us, with our limited means, to attempt to educate the body of the people. We must at present do our best to form a class who may be interpreters between us and the millions whom we govern; a class of persons, Indian in blood and colour, but English in taste, in opinions, in morals, and in intellect. To that class we may leave it to refine the vernacular dialects of the country, to enrich those dialects with terms of science borrowed from the Western nomenclature, and to render them by degrees fit vehicles for conveying knowledge to the great mass of the population.

"I would strictly respect all existing interests. I would deal even generously with all individuals who have had fair reason to expect a pecuniary provision. But I would strike at the root of the bad system which has hitherto been fostered by us. I would at once stop the printing of Arabic and Sanscrit books; I would abolish the Madrassa and the Sanscrit college at Calcutta. Benares is the great seat of Brahmanical learning; Delhi, of Arabic learning. If we retain the Sanscrit college at

Benares and the Mahomedan college at Delhi, we do enough, and much more than enough in my opinion, for the Eastern languages. If the Benares and Delhi colleges should be retained, I would at least recommend that no stipends shall be given to any students who may hereafter repair thither, but that the people shall be left to make their own choice between the rival systems of education without being bribed by us to learn what they have no desire to know. The funds which would thus be placed at our disposal would enable us to give larger encouragement to the Hindoo college at Calcutta, and to establish in the principal cities throughout the Presidencies of Fort William and Agra schools in which the English language might be well and thoroughly taught.

"If the decision of his Lordship in Council should be such as I anticipate, I shall enter on the performance of my duties with the greatest zeal and alacrity. If, on the other hand, it be the opinion of the Government that the present system ought to remain unchanged, I beg that I may be permitted to retire from the chair of the Committee. I feel that I could not be of the smallest use there—I feel, also, that I should be lending my countenance to what I firmly believe to be a mere delusion. I believe that the present system tends, not to accelerate the progress of truth, but to delay the natural death of expiring errors. I conceive that we have at present no right to the respectable name of a Board of Public Instruction. We are a Board for wasting public money, for printing books which are of less value than the paper on which they are printed was while it was blank; for giving artificial encouragement to absurd history, absurd metaphysics, absurd physics, absurd theology; for raising up a breed of scholars who find their scholarship an encumbrance and a blemish, who live on the public while they are receiving their education, and whose education is so utterly useless to them that, when they have received it, they must either starve or live on the public all the rest of their lives. Entertaining these opinions, I am naturally desirous to decline all share in the responsibility of a body which, unless it alters its whole mode of proceeding, I must consider not merely as useless, but as positively noxious."

The event has more than justified the opinions expressed in this minute. The natives of India have, with marvellous eagerness and unanimity, abandoned the dead or effete learning of the East for the living and vigorous literature of England. Whoever can spare the time and money greedily avails himself of the instruction which we offer. "To such an extent, indeed, is this the case" (I quote the Report on Public Instruction for Bengal Proper) "that many of our best

"native scholars can write English and even speak it with greater facility than their mother-tongue." Interest and ambition, the instinct of imitation and the thirst for knowledge, urge on the students; and, by the aid of a delicate taste, and a strong power of assimilation, their progress is surpassing to one accustomed to the very slender proficiency in the classical tongues obtained by the youth of England after a boyhood devoted almost exclusively to Xenophon and Cicero. Of two hundred scholars who leave Eton in the course of a year, it is much if some three or four can construe a chorus of Euripides without the aid of a translation, or polish up with infinite pains a piece of Latin prose which a Roman might possibly have mistaken for a parody of the "De Officiis," composed by a Visigoth in the time of Diocletian. A young Hindoo who has made the most of his time at college will write by the hour a somewhat florid and stilted English with perfect ease and accuracy; and will read, enjoy, and criticize any of our authors, from Chaucer down to Robert Browning and Carlyle. The works of our greatest historians and philosophers have penetrated to every corner of our dominions, and, wherever they pass, shed somewhat of the wisdom, the good sense, and the pure morality which stamp a peculiar character upon our noble literature. The Mahomedan gentlemen, whose pride does not allow them to study the language of their conquerors, have begun to be painfully aware that they are fast losing their moral and intellectual superiority over the Hindoos, who do not profess any such scruples.

The aptitude of educated Bengalees for philosophic and literary pursuits is indeed remarkable. Their liberal and elevated opinions, their love of truth and contempt for bigotry, would go far to satisfy the most ardent lover of the human race, were he only certain that these splendid qualities are more than skin-deep. That instinct for imitation which I mentioned above is so dominant in the native, his desire to please so constant, that you never know whether

his sentiments are real or artificial. In fact, it may be doubted whether he knows himself. When he speaks, you cannot be sure whether you are listening to the real man, or to the man whom he thinks you would like him to be. The feebleness and the servility which render Hindoo testimony so singularly untrustworthy forbid us to put too much confidence in Hindoo civilization. The Bengalee witness, who has no motive to lie, will distort the facts if he imagines that he can by so doing give one tittle of pleasure to the barrister who is examining him, or the judge who is taking notes of his evidence. The Bengalee journalist, with equal facility, will adopt the tone which he has reason to believe may suit the greatest number of Sahibs. All the great discoveries in Political and Social Science which have been wrought out by successive generations of European thinkers he picks up and appropriates with almost pathetic simplicity and conceit. He never writes an article on Trade or Taxation which, as far as the opinions are concerned, might not have been the work of John Stuart Mill. He never writes an article on Creeds or Subscription which might not have been the work of Goldwin Smith or Maurice. He has his choice of all the theories which have ever been current, and he finds it just as cheap to take the most advanced and the most recent as to borrow one which already has been a little blown upon. In the hardy rugged minds of northern men, liberality is a plant which springs from seed sown amidst doubt and fond regret; which strikes root downward, and bears fruit upward. Here, it lies on the surface, and sprouts to right and left with easy profusion; but its produce is mighty tasteless and surfeiting. In the days of the Reform Bill, when the great soul of England was in woful anxiety and misgiving as to the course which it behoved her to pursue, every little Hindoo Bachelor of Arts was most glib and positive about the absurdity of Gattton and old Sarum returning Members, while vast marts of industry, gigantic emporia of commerce, cities teeming with a count-

less population, remained still unrepresented.

It is hopeless to attempt to get a true idea of what these people think, and wish, and love, and hate. It was but yesterday that I called upon a native with the view of obtaining some information concerning the reign of terror which succeeded the capture of Delhi. To my certain knowledge, this man, who had been worth more than 30,000*l.* the day before the assault, had been plundered by our soldiery of everything he possessed, though he had distinguished himself by marked proofs of his attachment to our rule. I asked him whether some severities had not been committed which our cooler judgment might regret.

"Oh, no, Sahib! The rebels were punished, and the good people rejoiced."

"But did not the whole population desert the city through fear of being hung?"

"Yes, Sahib; but they had sinned so grievously in that they had allowed the sepoys to enter Delhi at the first. The people repented very much that they had done so. The sepoys were budmashes, Sahib. They used to take goods worth six annas, and only give four annas in payment."

Upon this I asked him how much our soldiers used to give in payment when they had taken goods worth six annas from the shopkeepers of Delhi: but the question distressed him so cruelly that it would have been unkind to persist.

On another occasion I was anxious to learn from a native gentleman what effect the great heat produced upon the comfort and health of the people of the country. No persuasion, however, would induce him to describe his own sensations. He persisted in speaking of the climate from what he imagined to be my point of view. I kept asking him whether he suffered from cold in December; whether he became languid and weak in the hot weather: while he continued to inform me that the temperature was unbearable during nine months in the year, but that in the cold season life was tolerable provided you stayed in-

doors from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon. This was at least as absurd as if an Englishman, in talking of the climate of our own island, were to say that it was possible to bear the outdoor cold for two or three hours in the middle of the day during the months of July and August.

We certainly have not yet got to the bottom of the native character. Facts crop up daily which prove incontestably to all, save those who reduce everything to some Procrustean theory of civilisation, that the depths of that character cannot be fathomed by our ordinary plummet, or marked with certainty on the chart by which we navigate in European waters. Take for instance those extraordinary symptoms which preceded the great mutiny: the marvellous organization of that vast plot; the mysterious but intimate connexion between the mutineers and the independent native powers; the dim prophecies and ghostly rumours which foreshadowed the outbreak; the secrecy; the unanimity; the tokens passed from hand to hand throughout a million villages. Within the last few years, on one and the same day along the whole course of the Ganges, the women flung their spindles into the river, and to this hour no European has the most remote conception of their motive in so doing. Some imagine that the sacrifice was made with the idea of expiating a national shortcoming; others suppose that it was intended to avert a drought; others, again, of a more practical turn of mind, believe it to have been a superstition invented by the manufacturers of spindles. There is something very striking in these rumours. No one knows where they originate, or what their purport may be; but they are passed on, from house to house and city to city, spreading throughout the length and breadth of the land agitation and anxiety, a wild terror and a wilder hope. Shortly after the pacification of the country, it was said everywhere in the Lower Provinces that within three months there would be no "white thing" throughout Bengal. Nobody had the slightest clue as to what this "white

thing" might be. Some held it to be the poppy, and supposed the prophecy to refer to the extremely improbable contingency of the abolition of the opium traffic. Some took a more gloomy view, and would have it that it pointed to the approaching extermination of our race. It was useless to question the natives, for they knew no more than we. The rumour had been set a-going, and it became, therefore, a sacred duty to do their best to spread it. At this moment there is a universal belief all over the Punjab that our rule is to come to an end before this very year is out.

Some of these are undoubtedly idle reports, set on foot in mere wantonness, or, perhaps, springing up almost spontaneously from the talk of men, and indicating at most an unhealthy, excited condition of the popular mind. But, beyond all question, some secret influence was at work, to advertise, as it were, the coming horrors of 1857. The ringleaders of that gigantic conspiracy deliberately undertook to impress upon the world in general the idea that something was coming the like of which had not been known before: just as, when we see in Piccadilly a file of men with blank boards on their shoulders, we become aware that a sensation drama has been put in hand at one of the leading theatres. It has been ascertained that the Mahomedans throughout the whole of the north of India received instructions, from an unknown hand, to sing at all their social meetings a ballad which described in touching strains the humiliation of their race, and the degradation of their ancient faith, once triumphant from the Sutlej to the Burrampootra, but now in subjection and bondage to the Christian and the stranger. Each village in turn received a handful of chupatties or bannocks, by the hands of the post-runners, with orders to bake others, and pass them on to the next village; and in the month of January, 1857, a saying was universally current:—"Sub *lal hogea hai*"—"Everything is to become red." On the first of February a satirical poem appeared in a Calcutta journal, intended to ridicule the fears of those who paid

attention to this prophecy. The concluding passage, which no doubt was thought droll enough at the time both by the writer and his readers, when studied by the light of subsequent events has the air of a ghastly prediction :—

"Beneath my feet I saw 'twas nought but blood,
And shrieking wretches borne upon the stream
Struggled and splashed amidst a sea of gore.
I heard a giant voice again proclaim,
'Mid shouts of murder, mutiny, and blood,
'SUB LAL HOGEA HAI,' and I awoke."

In the meantime people ate, and drank, and married, and gave in marriage, and danced, and flirted, and speared hogs, and acted "Cocknies in California" at the amateur theatre in Fort William, and wrote letters to the newspapers complaining that the military men in civil employ gave themselves airs, and abusing the Municipal Board for not seeing that the course at Calcutta was properly watered, and con-
doling with a popular physician of Cawnpore who was forced to go to England for the benefit of his health. There is an irony in history surpassing in depth the irony of Sophocles.

During the April of 1857, the English society at Delhi was convulsed by the conduct of a peppery colonel, who, at the station-ball, for some fancied insult from a civilian, turned his band out of the room and stopped the dancing, but expressed himself willing to relent if the official of highest rank present would apologize to the bandmen. On the 17th of the same month comes a complaint that :—

"The bigwigs get the strawberries
"from the station-garden, while a new
"subscriber cannot get a sniff at the
"flowers."

Likewise—

"A wedding talked of as likely to take
"place soon, but the names of the as-
"pirants to Hymeneal bliss I will refrain
"from mentioning just yet, lest anything
"should occur to lessen their affection
"for each other before the knot is tied."

On the fifth day of May, a correspondent writes from that doomed place :—

"As usual no news to give you. All
"quiet and dull. Certainly we are en-
"joying weather which at this season is
"wonderful. The morning and evening
"are deliciously cool. In fact, punkahs
"are hardly come into use."

On the eleventh day of May the English quarter was given over to murder, and rapine, and outrage. The Commissioner lay hewn in pieces inside the palace. Metcalfe, the Collector, was flying for his life through the streets of the city where his family had ruled for more than half a century. The mangled bodies of the officers of the 54th Native Infantry were heaped in a bullock-cart outside the walls. The fanatic troopers from Meerut, with all the scum of the bazaar at their heels, were hunting down and butchering the members of the quiet Christian community. The teachers had been slain in the lecture-room; the chaplain in his study; the telegraph-clerk with his hand still on the signalling apparatus. The Editor of the *Gazette*, with his mother, wife, and children, died in the office of the journal. At the Delhi Bank fell Mr. Beresford, the Manager, with all his family, after a gallant and desperate resistance. Of those ladies, who a few days before were grumbling at the bearishness of the old colonel, some were dragging themselves towards Meerut or Kurnaul, under the fierce noonday sun, bare-headed and with bleeding feet; while others were lying unconscious in death, and therefore less to be pitied, on the platform in front of the police-office in the principal boulevard.

Early in the year 1857, a new church was consecrated at Sealkote, which is described in a letter to the *Englishman* from that place as "the most
"chaste and beautiful structure of Mo-
"dern Gothic in India." No high
praise, by the way. It was only the
other day that we Calcutta people were
gratified by the information that Mr.
Fergusson, in his work on Modern Ar-
chitecture, had given drawings of our
Cathedral, both inside and out; but our
delight was qualified by the subsequent
discovery that he had inserted those

drawings as specimens of what he pronounced to be the most debased style extant. The writer from Sealkote takes occasion to say that:—

"The future historian, when he traces the career of our rise, and perchance our fall, in this wondrous land, will love to dwell upon a picture like the present—a few score strangers dedicating their churches to be set apart from all profane uses for ever with such fixity of purpose, and with minds so assured as never for one moment to doubt the fulness of their faith in the future; and this in the midst of millions distinct from them in race, religion, and feeling. The strength of the many made subservient to the will of the few, not by crushing armies from foreign lands, but by sowing the seeds of peace and order around—a land a few years ago bristling with bayonets, an enemy's country, now cheerfully acknowledging our rule, and avowing it to be a blessing—is a truth that has been sealed by the ceremony just concluded."

Then comes a remarkable postscript:

"The other day a telegraphic message was received, noted 'Urgent.' The news ran like wildfire round the station, that the troops here were to march at once for Herat.¹ But, alas! it was—Can it be guessed? Never!—*That the Sepoys who were learning the use of the Enfield Rifle were to have no more practice ammunition served out to them!*"

This supplies material for some humorous remarks, which end with the words—"Everything wears such a mysterious aspect to us benighted Sealkotians, that none dare venture an opinion, and we must wait till time and the *Englishman* enlighten us."

They were to be soon enlightened by quite another agency—by a leading article written in a very different composition from printer's ink. One evening in July, Dr. Graham, the superintend-

ing surgeon of the station, begged a friend with whom he was dining, who had remarked on the insolent demeanour of the sepoys, not to let his fears get the better of his senses. The next morning an officer "saw Miss Graham coming in the buggy, *apparently alone*, screaming and crying most piteously." He assisted in taking out her father's body.

The Lucknow news in May, 1857, consists chiefly in the badness of the road from Cawnpore.

"Soft blankets should be provided in the dawk carriages, and plenty of them. We have large plates of straw-berries every morning. Calcutta people might well pay Lucknow a visit. Our hospitality is famous."

Small thought had men of soft blankets and large plates of strawberries on that November day when the English host covered sixteen miles in length of that Cawnpore road, with the sad remnants of the immortal garrison marching in the centre, and among them three-score widows who had been wives when the siege began—the van hurrying forward under stout Sir Colin to save the bridge from the victorious mercenaries of Gwalior, while the rear stood savagely to bay against the clouds of sepoys who poured from the town to harass our retreat.

At Allahabad, towards the end of March, the weather was—

"Delightful. No news; no one dead; many married; some about to be born; some have been; and some won't be, notwithstanding the welcome awaiting them."

The welcome awaiting them! On the 22nd May—

"We have plenty of cause for amusement here. The railway people insist on going the grand rounds. One cadet, doing duty with the 6th Native Infantry, walked in the verandah last night for five hours, armed with sword and pistol, amidst the raillery of his wiser comrades."

Two days after these words were written the Sixth Native Infantry rose, and massacred seventeen officers, including this poor boy and seven other

¹ The Persian war was still in progress, and the prospect of a campaign would have even greater attractions than the retrospect of a consecration.

young cadets, who were waiting to be attached to regiments. From that time forward the Allahabad news becomes significant. On the 8th July "the bodies of European men and women were floating down the river lately."

Late in March we find the following paragraphs :—

"We of this generation cannot realize what the effect of a real panic would be among the European residents in this country, and it would be foolish to attempt to realize it."

And again :—

"I fear that the good old days are gone by when we were accustomed to quell disaffection by blowing from cannon a few of the malcontents."

So men wrote in the spring. Before autumn had well set in their style had altered. A gentleman at Raneegunge says :—

"I have three pieces of timber, which the taste of my engineer would convert into a picturesque gallows which would accommodate sixteen of the largest size without inconveniencing each other. A coil of whalerope, warranted not to have any bullock's fat to offend prejudices, will do its work. Having been a sailor, I am up to knot-making, and can introduce one much approved of by Bolivar, when he sometimes amused himself by hanging instead of shooting."

The residents at a station in Bahar would be "all right and merry," if they "could only get a few people to hang."

At Allahabad, the Judicial Commissioners, Sandys and Palmer, whom Lord Canning, to his eternal honour, speedily sent back again into private life, "are doing their duty well. The day before yesterday one of 'em hanged thirteen, yesterday he hanged fifteen, and there are still seventy-two candidates."

And again :—

"Palmer and Sandys are doing good service in tucking up and scratching the backs of rebels."

Soon afterwards a correspondent from the same place—let us hope the same man—recommends torture for "respect-

"able Mahomedans." At Delhi, four months after the restoration of tranquillity, six men were hung on the information of a single witness, *who himself was hung on the same day for being concerned in the murder of Europeans*. A company of gipsies, against whom no special charge could be found, were strung up together on the indictment of "retarding the peaceable organization of society." The newspapers teemed with deliberate propositions to raze to the ground ancient and crowded cities—to depopulate vast and thriving provinces—to put to the edge of the sword all the women in Delhi and Cawnpore—to exterminate the inhabitants of every village which a European fugitive had traversed without being entertained and protected; the certain and merited consequences of which barbarity would have been that, in the case of another outbreak, the peasantry would take good care that no European fugitive should escape to tell the line of country which he had taken in his flight. In fact, as a contributor to the *Englishman* remarks, with logic at least equal to his humanity :—

"There was only one prayer, and that was that every one should meet death after a fair trial, *such as they all get*. How very differently they would have been treated by any other of the "European powers."

O my countryman ! Is there no such thing as British bunkum ! Have our Columbian brethren a monopoly of self-appreciation !

When it first began to be whispered in English circles that sedition was a-foot, public opinion was strong against the alarmists. The sepoys was everything that could be wished. Faithful and docile, his prejudices were to be respected, and his calumniators snubbed.

"We understand," on the 3d of February, 1857, "that the sepoy of Barrackpore have consulted their comrades in the upper provinces as to the new method of making cartridges, and have been informed that they are determined not to submit to an innovation which affects their rules of

"caste. The Government may be assured that those who are most determined to maintain their own rights are neither the worst nor the least faithful soldiers. Even Cromwell's Ironsides would have mutinied if they had been forced to hear the Common Prayer read."

"What a pity it is," writes an officer of the 65th Native Infantry, "that Europeans abusing a corps cannot be strung up!"

A few short months, and a Delhi ruffian, stained to the elbows with English blood, was a saint compared to the Englishman of noble and elevated nature, who, amidst the universal madness, preserved one tittle of justice, one spark of humanity. "We earnestly hope," (such was the style of the penny-a-liner of those days,) "and we shall be joined by almost all our readers, that the sepoys will first sheathe their bayonets in the bodies of those capable of excusing them."

Here is an art-notice of the period:

"That indefatigable artist, Mr. Hudson, has just finished a portrait of Captain Hazlewood, which may be seen in Thacker and Spink's gallery. The friends of the gallant officer will at once recognise the likeness, and feel confident that no undue lenity on his part will be shown to the murderers of women and children; for he has a stern expression of countenance, as if he had just given an order to hang them and their favorers."

The poet's corner in the *Englishman* of that year contains productions the most degraded, morally and intellectually, that ever proceeded from a human pen, not excepting that of *Le Père Duchesne*. These are the terms in which men allowed themselves to speak of the ruler who saved our nation from as awful a crime as any on which the sun has shone:—

"Barring humanity-pretenders,
To Hell of none are we the willing senders;
But, if to sepoys entrance must be given,
Locate them, Lord, in the back slums of Heaven,"

Talk of the *New York Herald*! May

our Father which is in Heaven not lead us again into such temptation!

When but seven years have passed since such a mine lay beneath our feet unheeded and unknown, we should be slow to affirm that we understand the feelings and character of the people of India. Their inner life still remains a sealed book to us. Certain it is that we have a very vague notion of the estimation in which they hold us. It is hardly possible for a man brought up amidst European scenes and associations to realize the idea conceived of him and his countrymen by a thorough-bred Hindoo. On the one hand the natives must acknowledge our vast superiority in the arts of war and government. Our railways, and steamships, and Armstrong guns are tangible facts which cannot be slighted. They must be perfectly aware that we have conquered them, and are governing them in a more systematic and downright manner than they have ever been governed before. But, on the other hand, many of our usages must in their eyes appear most debased and revolting. Imagine the horror with which a punctilious and devout Brahmin cannot but regard a people who eat the flesh of cow and pig, and drink various sorts of strong liquors from morning till night. It is at least as hard for such a man to look up to us as his betters, morally and socially, as it would be for us to place amongst the most civilized nations of the world a population which was in the habit of dining on human flesh, and intoxicating itself daily with laudanum and sal-volatile. The peculiar qualities which mark the Englishman are singularly distasteful to the Oriental, and are sure to be strangely distorted when seen from his point of view. Our energy and earnestness appear oppressive and importunate to the languid voluptuous aristocracy of the East. Our very honesty seems ostentatious and contemptible to the wily and tortuous Hindoo mind. That magnificent disregard of *les convenances*, which has rendered our countrymen so justly beloved by all the continental nations, is inexplicable and hateful to a race who consider ex-

ternal pomp and reticent solemnity to be the necessary accompaniments of rank, worth, or power. The Maharaja of Kishnagur once described to me his disgust and surprise at seeing an English magistrate, during a shooting excursion, bathe in the tank near which the tents were pitched. Europeans who have resided many years in the East seldom fail to acquire some of these so-called Oriental prejudices. Some of my Anglo-Indian friends have told me that nothing would persuade them to strip themselves in a public swimming-bath; and I have seen a high official unable to conceal his horror when a sucking-pig, which by that time was a sucking-pig only in name, was placed on the table directly under his nose.

It is noteworthy that the free and hardy customs of the ancient Greeks produced much the same effect upon the effeminate subjects of Darius and Artaxerxes. The Persian, whose every action was dictated by a spirit of intense decorum and self-respect, could not appreciate the lordly indifference to appearances displayed by the Spartan, accustomed to box, and run, and wrestle without a shred of clothing, in the presence of myriads of his brother Hellenes. Herodotus tells his countrymen, as a remarkable piece of information, that, "among the Lydians, and, speaking loosely, among barbarians in general, it is held to be a great disgrace to be seen naked, even for a man."

Add the mysterious awe by which we are shrouded in the eyes of the native population, which very generally attributes to magic our uniform success in everything we take in hand, and you will have some conception of the picture presented to the Hindoo mind by an indefatigable, public-spirited, plainspoken, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, tiger-shooting collector. We should not be far wrong if we were content to allow that we are regarded by our Eastern subjects as a species of quaint and somewhat objectionable demons, with a rare aptitude for fighting and administration; foul and degraded in our habits, though with reference to those habits not to be

judged by the same standard as ordinary men; not malevolent withal (that is to say, the official fiends), but entirely wayward and unaccountable; a race of demidevils; neither quite human, nor quite supernatural; not wholly bad, yet far from perfectly beneficent; who have been settled down in the country by the will of fate, and seem very much inclined to stay there by our own. If this is not the idea entertained of us by an average Bengalee rustic, it is something very near it.

Such is the incompatibility of sentiment and custom between the European and the native, that even the firmest friends of the latter allow that a complete amalgamation is quite hopeless. The wide and radical difference between the views held by the respective races with regard to the weaker sex alone, forms a bar, at present insuperable, to any very familiar intercourse. We, who still live among the recollections and records of chivalry, horrify utilitarians by persisting in regarding women as goddesses. The Hindoos, who allow their sisters and daughters few or no personal rights—the Mahommedans, who do not even allow them souls—cannot bring themselves to look upon women as better than playthings. The pride of a Mussulman servant is terribly wounded by a scolding from the lady of the house. He takes every opportunity of showing contempt for his mistress by various childish impertinences when the Sahib and his horsewhip are well out of the way. Among the numberless symptoms of our national eccentricity, that which seems most extraordinary to a native is our submitting to be governed by a woman. For a long time they accounted for the presence of the Queen's effigy on the rupee by setting her down as the wife of John Kumpani. Now they probably imagine that John Kumpani is dead, and that she has come into possession as residuary legatee. The free and unrestrained life of an English lady excites the strangest and most unjust ideas in the mind of an Hindoo. To see women riding in public, driving about in open carriages, dining and talking and

dancing with men connected with them neither by blood nor marriage, never fails to produce upon him a most false and unfortunate impression. Many gentlemen who are intimately acquainted with native ways of thought are not often very ready to take their wives and daughters to balls where the guests are of mixed nationality. I was present lately at an entertainment given by the Maharaja of Nilpore. The dancing went on in a sort of atrium in the centre of the palace, while the host, in a blaze of diamonds from head to foot, inspected the scene through a lorgnette from the gallery, turning from time to time to make a remark to a circle of his friends and hangers-on. He resembled Lord Steyne at the opera, surrounded by his Wenhams and Wagg, rather than the received notion of "the man of the house" of a Belgravian ball-room. His bearing aroused the most lively indignation among the older Anglo-Indians. Suggestions to "turn him out," and "throw him over" were bandied about in an audible key. One old campaigner sighed for the halcyon days of the mutiny. "Hang him! I should like to loot him. He must be worth a quarter of a crore of rupees as he stands. His cap alone would be a good two lacs."

The longer a man lives in this country the more firmly convinced does he become that the amalgamation of the conquerors and the conquered is an idea impracticable, and, to use an odious word, Utopian. But this does not imply that, as time goes on, as the native becomes civilized, and the European humane and equitable, the two races should not live side by side with mutual sympathy and self-respect, and work together heartily for the same great ends. But this consummation is simply impossible until there is a marked improvement in the tone of the European settlers. That intense Anglo-Saxon spirit of self-approbation, which, though dormant at home, is unpleasantly perceptible among vulgar Englishmen on the Continent, becomes rampant in India. It is painful, indeed, to observe the deep pride and insolence of race which is

engrained in our nature, and which yields only to the highest degree of education and enlightenment. The lower in the scale of society, the more marked become the symptoms of that baneful sentiment. A native of rank, whom men like Sir John Lawrence or Sir Herbert Edwardes treat with the courtesy due to an equal, will be flouted and kicked about by any planter's assistant or sub-deputy railway contractor whose path he may chance to cross. On such a question as this, one fact is worth volumes of declamation; and facts of grave import may be gathered by the bushel by any one who spends three days in the country with his mouth shut and his eyes wide open.

Sonepore, the point at which the Gunduck runs into the Ganges, is the most sacred spot in the north of India. Thither, time out of mind, at a certain phase of the moon during the late autumn, devout Hindoos have been wont to repair from hundreds of miles round, for the purpose of washing away their sins. Men discovered that expiatory bathing was not incompatible with business, and a great fair began to be held yearly during the festival, principally for dealings in elephant and horse-flesh. The Anglo-Indians, who attended for the purpose of buying nags, soon took to running their purchases one against another; and the attractions of a European race-meeting were thus added to those which Sonepore already possessed during the sacred week. The whole of Bahar society now makes holiday in that week, and a more pleasant reunion it is difficult to imagine. Men rejoice in the annual opportunity of renewing Haileybury and Addiscombe friendships with old companions from whom they have been separated throughout the remainder of the year by vast distances and vile roads. The complicated family connexions, so general in the Civil Service, render this periodical gathering peculiarly pleasant. The wife of the Judge of Baglipore looks forward for months to meeting her sister, the Collectrix of Gya; and the Commissioner of Benares, like a good cousin,

has promised to bring her brother in his train, though that promising but susceptible Assistant-Magistrate has exceeded his privilege leave by ten days' extra philandering at Simla. The desirable young ladies come to Sonepore already engaged to local partners for every dance during the meeting—a circumstance extremely discouraging to casual swells who may have been attracted from Calcutta by the glowing accounts of the doings at the races put about by Bahar members of the Secretariat. Beneath a vast circular grove stretches a camp more than a mile in extent, where croquet and betting go on briskly by day, and waltzing and flirtation by night. The tents of each set of friends cluster round a large open pavilion, belonging to some liberal planter or magistrate, where covers are laid three times a day for every one who can be cajoled into joining the party. I could talk on for ever about Sonepore; such dear associations does it conjure up of open-handed Indian hospitality and open-hearted Indian friends, from my feeling for whom neither time, nor absence, nor opposed sentiments, nor divided interests, can ever, shall ever, abate one atom of affection and gratitude.

It was there, during one of the principal races, that I was standing at the Judge's post, divided by the breadth of the course from a platform occupied by some dozen Englishmen. Close up to this platform crowded a number of well-dressed, well-to-do natives—respectable shopkeepers from Chupra; warm men of business from Patna; gentlemen of rank from Benares and Lucknow. I saw—with my own eyes I saw—a tall raw-boned brute of a planter, whose name I should not hesitate to publish if it were worth the publishing, rush at these men, who had as good a right to be there as the Governor-General himself, and flog them with a double-thonged hunting-whip, until he had driven them in humiliating confusion and terror for the distance of many yards. One or two civilians present said to each other that it was a "shame;"

but no one seemed astounded or horrified; no one interposed; no one prosecuted; no one objected to meet the blackguard at dinner, or to take the odds from him at the ordinary.

A Judge of the High Court at Calcutta informed me that he had himself witnessed the following scene, while travelling on the East Indian Railway between Benares and Hourah. When the train stopped at a certain station, a Bengalee attempted to get into a second-class carriage. Some Europeans, who were comfortably settled down for a long sleep, told him to go about his business. He appealed to the officials, stating himself to be a native gentleman. A person in authority told him he must be contented to travel third-class—to which he replied that he preferred to be left behind. By this time he was surrounded by a circle of bullying English travellers; whom *the guard of the train* convulsed with delight by holding up his lantern to the poor man's face, and in a strong Irish brogue bidding the bystanders look at "a specimen of a native gentleman."

If I could think that the interest with which you read these stories could be one-tenth as deep as the pain with which I write them, you should have enough to keep you in indignation for the next twelvemonth. But things which, when acted, set the teeth chattering and the fingers twitching, seem childish enough when turned into sentences and divided with commas and colons. Heaven knows I would give a month's pay or a year's pension to have my will of some ruffians for what I have heard them say with applause, and seen them do with impunity. Fearful symptoms these of what must be seething below! However kind he might be to his native servants, however just to his native tenants, there is not a single non-official person in India, with whom I have conversed on public questions, who would not consider the sentiment that we hold India for the benefit of the inhabitants of India a loathsome un-English piece of cant. Hence comes the paramount necessity that opinion at

home should keep a close watch upon the conduct of the affairs of India. It is not enough that we send her out able and high-minded rulers. While there, they must never be allowed to forget that the eyes of England are upon them. Lord Canning was as brave a man and as good a man as could well be found within our isles. Such he proved himself to be at a crisis when virtue was useless without courage, and when courage without virtue was far worse than useless. Yet even he succumbed at last to the ravening clamour of the friends of indigo. If Lord Canning had been left to himself, the ryot would have been delivered over to his tyrants bound hand and foot, by a law illogical, inhumane, and inexpedient in all the highest senses.

What is the meaning of the Anglo-Saxon outcry? We cannot exterminate a wealthy and ancient community of a hundred and fifty millions of human beings, like so many Maoris or Cherokees; and, if we do not exterminate them, we cannot continue to humble and

to wrong them. If this state of things is disregarded at home, most serious evils must ensue. If it should ever come to pass that for a single period of five years India should be governed under the auspices of a Secretary of State of anti-native tendencies, the certain result would be a wide-spread system of social oppression, degrading and cruel to the native, shameful and demoralizing to us. The apathy of Englishmen to the affairs of India would be venial if our interests alone were thereby placed in peril; but, when the consequences fall on the innocent children of the soil, that apathy becomes nothing less than criminal. While honest men doze, bad men are hard at work. The people of Hindostan, if they be wise, will make it their prayer that they may gain the ear of England; for, if they succeed in obtaining her attention, they are secure of her humanity and her justice.

Yours ever,

H. BROUGHTON.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS: A STORY OF TWO FAMILIES.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "RAVENSHOE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE GHOST
SHOWS A LIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE night we went to the play, it was arranged that Joe, because of his lameness, should start first; and I was to stay behind, to finish some work. It therefore happened that I found myself hurrying through the small streets beyond Westminster Bridge, alone.

I am going to relate a distressing accident, very shortly, for the simple reason that, if I had not witnessed it, I should have missed making a singular discovery and meeting with a few singular adventures.

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I noticed a young man, of my own rank and age, riding a cart-horse just in front of me, and took but little notice of him; not dreaming how very important his every look would be, in a very few minutes. I remembered after, that he seemed a merry, good-humoured fellow, and was whistling. The night was frosty, and the road was slippery; his horse blundered and stumbled, and threw him, whistling as he was, under the wheels of a passing waggon. The next moment I was carrying him on to a doorstep, quite dead; shattered beyond recognition.

I cannot tell you what a lamentable affair it was. I did what I could—I helped others, and was beginning to

congratulate myself upon my self-possession, when I found that a very singular effect was produced on myself. I was giving my name and address to a policeman, when I felt something coming too quickly to be stopped, and burst into a wild tempest of tears—such a tempest that I could not stay the course of it for a time, but had to give it way, gust after gust, until they grew fainter, and died away into an occasional stormy sob. Then I went on to the theatre, thinking, poor fool as I was, that I might forget the real terrible tragedy I had just witnessed by throwing myself headlong into a sea of fantastic balderdash.

I found Joe, and, when the door was opened, we fought our way into a good place. The instant we got settled, Joe asked me what was the matter, and I told him that I had seen a fellow run over. He said, "Poor chap!" but, not having seen it happen, thought no more about it, but settled himself down to enjoy his evening.

I suppose there are some play-goers still alive who remember the "Harvest Home." It belongs to the Eocene, or at latest to the early Miocene, formation of plays—probably, to be correct, it is half-way between the "Stranger" and the "Colleen Bawn." There was a dawning of the "sensation" style in it, but nothing very tremendous. O. Smith shot the first comedy gentleman stone-dead (as you were supposed to suppose, if you hadn't known better all the time) from behind a stone wall, with an air-gun; and the first lady threw herself on the corpse, and was dragged off screaming, in a snow-storm, by Mr. O. Smith, her putative papa. Whereupon, Mr. Wright came on, as a Cockney sportsman dressed like a Highlander, having lost his way, and, as far as I can remember, found the body. In the end, Mr. O. Smith was hung, or, on the principle, says Joe, of "*Nec coram populo*," was led off cursing and kicking; and Mr. Wright was married (or was going to be) to the second lady.

That was the sort of stuff that Joe and I used to laugh and cry over in those days. We had seen the play acted at

the Adelphi, and were most anxious to compare the magnificent Milesian Irish pronunciation of our own Miss Brady, with the broken English of Madame Celeste. It all fell dead on me that night. Even poor old Wright, with his bare legs and his impudent chatter, could not make me laugh. The image of what I had carried up and set on the door-step, an hour before, would not leave me. That a merry, harmless lad like that should be struck down in an instant, seemed to me so lamentable and cruel. I could think of nothing else. The details would come before me so persistently—the head that would hang; the two low, fallen women, who kept saying, "Poor dear! poor dear lad!" and all the rest of it. The play seemed such a hideous silly mockery after what had happened that I could bear no more of it. I made some excuse to Joe, and I went out.

The squalor and noise of the street suited my mood better than the gaudy brightness of the play-house: and the bustling reality of the crowd soothed me for a time, and made me forget the tragedy of the evening. This crowd of noisy, swarming, ill-fed, ill-taught, ill-housed poor folks was, after all, composed of my own people—of men, women, and lads of my own rank in life; of people whose language was my own, whose every want and care I was acquainted with; of the people among whom I had been bred up, and whom I had learnt to love. I was at home among them.

The other day, after spending years in a higher and purer atmosphere, I went among them again, just to see whether they were the same to me as in old times. I found that I was quite unchanged. They did not disgust me in the least. I felt, when I got among them again, that I was at home once more. I was pleased to find that I had not developed into a snob; but I was sorry to find that they distrusted me, in my good clothes, and would have none of me. Knowing them as I did, and knowing how they talked among themselves, I could see that they talked in a different language in the presence

of my fine clothes and watch-chain. It is very hard for a gentleman to know them; very nearly impossible. They never speak to him quite naturally.

I went into a public-house, where I heard music, and got myself some porter, and sat down on a bench among some young men, who made room for me. The musicians played some dance-music—a waltz which I now know to be one of Strauss's; but it sounded to me like the lapping of the tide upon the mud-banks, and the moaning of the wind from the river among the grave-stones in the old churchyard.

So, thought-driven, with a despondency on me for which it was difficult to account, I was compelled homewards. From street to street, all low and dull, to the bridge, where the chill, frosty wind rustled among the scaffolding of the new Houses of Parliament with ghostly sighs. And so I passed westward, through another labyrinth of squalid streets; some bright with flaming gas and swarming with noisy crowds; some dark and dull, with only a few figures here and there, some of which lurked away before the heavy tramp of the policeman.

As I passed the vast dark façade of Chelsea Hospital the clock struck ten, and a few minutes afterwards I came on the broad desolate river, at the east end of Cheyne Walk. The frosty wind was moaning among the trees, and the desolate wild river was lapping and swirling against the heads of the barges and among the guard piles, which stood like sentries far out, stemming the ebbing tide. Of all scenes of desolation which I ever witnessed, give me the Thames at night. I hurried on again, with the strange terrified humour on me stronger than ever.

There was a ball at a large bow-windowed house, close to Don Saltero's, and I stopped to listen to the music. There were some fiddles and a piano, played evidently by skilled professional hands. Good heavens! could they play nothing but that wild waltz of Strauss's, which I had heard the Germans playing in the public-house? Why should

handsome young gentlemen and beautiful girls dance to a tune which sweeps in such strange, melancholy eddies of sound, that even now it sets me thinking of the winds which wander over solitary moonless seas, which break with a far-heard moan, against distant capes, in an unknown land at midnight?

A couple came from the rest and stood in the window together, behind the half-drawn curtains: and I could see them, for their heads were against the light. He was a gallant youth, with a square head; and she seemed beautiful too. He spoke eagerly to her, but she never looked towards him; he seemed to speak more eagerly yet, and tried to take her hand; but she withdrew it, and he slowly left her and went back into the room; but she remained, and I saw her pulling the flowers from her nosegay and petulantly throwing them on the carpet, while she looked out steadily across the wild sweeping river, hurrying to the sea.

So on I went again, passing swiftly through the churchyard. In a few moments after, I had turned out of Church Street into our own row. It was quite quiet. Our great house rose like a black wall in front of me; I cast my eye up it until it rested on the great dormer-window of Reuben's room—the ghost's room—and, good heavens! there was a light there.

It was gone while I looked at it; but there was no doubt about it. Either Reuben had come home, or else it was the ghost. I went in at once. My father was sitting alone in the kitchen, with his head in his hands; I looked up at a certain hook over the dresser. The key of Reuben's room was hanging there still.

My father looked up. "Jim, my old chap," he said, "I'm so glad you're come. Get my pipe, and come and sit alongside. How did you like the theayter, old man?"

As I looked at my father, I saw something was the matter. I had never seen the dear, noble face in sorrow before; but my love told me at once that sorrow had come. I waited for

him to tell me what it was, I had perfect confidence in him. I said (in the old style, for though I had been trying hard to talk like Joe and Erne, I had hitherto made a mess of it, and always resorted to the vernacular in emergencies, or for business purposes), "I didn't care about the play to-night. I saw a young chap run over, and that upset me for the evening. I wasn't going to spoil Joe's fun; so I came home" ("took and hooked it" in the original). "Reuben is not come back, is he?"

"No," said my father; "he ain't come back. What should he be come back for? There's his key a-hanging over the dresser. I say, old man, Mr. Compton's been here."

"Has anything gone wrong about the patent?" I asked, aghast.

"Not *gone*, old man, but very likely to go, I'm afeard."

"How is that?" I asked.

"The invention was anticipated, Mr. Compton is afraid. There was a patent taken out for it before, and Mr. Compton is afraid that Marks and Cohen have bought the patentee's interest in it; in which case, my chance ain't worth a brass farden."

"And what then?" I asked.

"Why, I'm ruined, old boy, body and bones. The savings of twenty happy years gone in a day. And worse than that—nigh a couple of hundred more, as far as I can make out. I wouldn't have cared—I wouldn't have cared," said my father, hurling his pipe fiercely into the fireplace; "I tell you, Jim, I wouldn't have cared—" he said once more, with a heave of his great chest and a sob. That was all he said, but I understood him.

I rose to the situation. One of the proudest recollections of my most prosperous and lucky career is the way I rose to the situation that unhappy night. I put my arm on his shoulder, and drew his grizzled head to me, and said:

"Wouldn't have cared—if it hadn't been for what, father?"

"I wouldn't have cared," said my

father, "if the disgrace had fallen on me alone."

"Has any one been a-talking about disgrace?" I asked.

"Not yet," said my father.

"They'd better not," I answered.

"Let 'em come to me and talk about disgrace. I'll disgrace 'em. And ruin—who talks of ruin? How can the best smith in England be ruined; they can't take his trade from him, can they? Let's up with everything, and go to Australay."

"What?" said my father, looking up.

"Go to Australay," I said, as bold as brass; "the country as Master Erne's brother came from. Why, a smith is a gentleman there. He's—"

"Go to bed, old chap," said my father.

"Bed or no bed," I said, "is neither the one thing nor the other. According as a chap thinks, so will he speak; that is, if he acts according, which is reason. My sentiments being asked, I gives 'em free; and there you are, and welcome, with many more, and thank you kindly; and may the Lord forgive us all our transgressions." (All this was said with defiant assertion; for I saw that, by the mere mention of the word Australia, I had brought a light in my father's face which was not there before. In my nervous eagerness to drive the nail home, I made the above little speech, which might have been intended to mean something then, but the key to which is missing now.)

"Take and go to bed, I tell you," said my father again; "you and your Australeys! I'm ashamed on you."

"Shame took and whispered in his ear," I answered, seeing I was somehow doing the right thing, "and Old Adam and Little Faith tried to stop his going on too, whereas I speaks out, and ain't for stopping nobody."

My father, possibly concluding that the more I spoke the more I should involve myself, reiterated:

"Go to bed, I tell you, old chap; who knows but what you're talking sense? I don't say neither the one thing nor the other; all I say is, go to bed."

And so I went: to bed, and to sleep. And, after some unknown time of unconsciousness, I awoke with a ghastly horror upon me.

Joe was by my side, but I did not wake him. I was very careful not to do that, and there were one or two reasons for it.

First of all, I saw the poor lad run over again—that pale face, those teeth, and those spasmodically winking eyelids; and, while he was still in my arms, I came round the corner once more, into the buildings, and saw the ghost's light gleam out of Reuben's window. And then Reuben was come home, and in trouble up there. And then it was Reuben who had been run over, and then Reuben had to sit up there all alone, poor lad, watching the body; but, however the phantasmagories shifted themselves, the crowning horror of all was in the room upstairs, where I had seen the light. And in the sheer desperation of terror I rose to go there, refusing to awaken Joe, because I even then, light-headed as I was, remembered that Reuben would not have him know anything.

And so, in a state of cowardly horror at I knew not what—a state of mind which was nearly allied to the most desperate courage—I arose silently, and, in my trousers and shirt only, passed out of our room on to the great empty staircase, determined to go up all through the desolate empty house, until I found out the mystery which I knew was hid aloft in the ghostly attic. I would penetrate into the mystery of that strange light, even though I died of terror.

The old staircase creaked under my weight, and the web-winged things which flutter about the ceilings of these sort of places dashed round aloft in silent wheeling flight. The ghosts all passed on before me in a body; and I was glad of it, for I was afraid that some of them might stand politely aside in a corner to let me pass, and I don't think I could have stood that. Yet all the ghosts passed on, except a solitary one, who followed stealthily.

This following ghost was the most terrible ghost of all, for I couldn't see what it was going to be at. I thought at one time that I would stop and see whether it would stop too; but then again, I reflected, what a terrible thing it would be if it didn't, but came right on.

Once in my terror I thought of crying for help, and raising the neighbourhood, but while I was thinking of it I passed a staircase-window, and saw that I was already high above the neighbours' highest chimneys, and that I might shout long enough. There was no retreat now without passing by the ghost, which was following; and every step I took I felt a growing dislike to do that—without the kitchen poker.

For it was a clumsy ghost, and knew its business but imperfectly. No properly educated ghost would knock a hard metallic substance against the banisters and then use a most low and vulgar expletive immediately afterwards. I was getting wonderfully uneasy about this ghost. The poker was such a handy little poker; but here was I, and there was the poker, and so there was nothing to do but to go on.

At last I reached Reuben's room-door, and got hold of the handle. The door was unlocked; and I threw it open, to see nothing but blank darkness.

I held my breath, and felt that some one was there. Dreading the man who was behind me, I desperately sprang forward towards the well-known fireplace to get hold of Reuben's poker, if I should have the luck. Then a lantern was turned full blaze on my face. I sprang towards it, with the intention of getting hold of the man who held it, putting it out, getting possession of it, and pounding everything human I met with black and blue, on the old cockney rule that "a solitary man is worth a dozen in the dark, because he can hit everybody, and everybody else is afraid of hitting one another;" but, before I could reach him, I had a cloth thrown over my head, an arm round my throat, tightening every moment, and in less than a minute was completely overpowered, with my arms

tied behind me, blindfolded, with a handkerchief passed through my mouth, and tied behind, having seen no one.

I felt that I was in the light, and that people were looking at me; at last some one spoke, in a very gentlemanly, refined voice I thought, and said, "Who the deuce is it?"

"It's the young smith; it's that gal-lows young Burton" said another voice I knew too terribly well. It was the voice of the man I have called Bill Sykes.

Another voice said, "Let us beat the dog's brains out, and cut his body into small pieces and burn it. Curse him; prying into three gentlemen's private affairs like this. Let me have his blood, Bill. Let me have hold of him."

I knew this voice well enough. It was Mr. Pistol's. I wasn't much afraid of him. It was Sykes I was afraid of, the man who had me by the collar; the more so, because I saw, by poor Pistol's asking to get hold of me, that he wanted to get me out of Sykes's hands; and the more so still, because I knew that Pistol, in his terror of Sykes, would let *anything* happen. Therefore, when Sykes said to Pistol, "Stand back and lock the door," and when I felt his hand tighten on my collar, I began to say the Lord's Prayer as fast as ever I could.

Pistol only said, "Bill, hold hard;" but his feeble protest was drowned in the strangest sound I ever heard. The unknown man with the gentlemanly voice broke out with a fierce, snapping, snarling objurgation, which took myself and another listener utterly by surprise.

"Sykes, you blood-thirsty, clumsy hound, drop that life-preserver or you are a dead man. It is only by the cowardly idiocy of that fellow Pistol there that you are in this thing at all, you low brute—the best thing you were ever in in your life, worth five hundred of your stupid burglaries. Leave that boy alone, you worthless dog."

I felt Sykes's hand relax, but the bully did not yield.

"You showing fight, you sneaking, long-nosed cur! Shut up, or I'll pound you into a jelly."

"Will you?" said the gentlemanly man, almost in a scream of rage. "Me! you dog. Me! with this knife in my hand. You ignorant idiot, with your clumsy cudgels. Learn the use of this, and then you'll be my equal; just as sure as I'm your master. You'd better go and tickle a black snake on the nose in December than come near me with this in my hand. Leave that lad alone. I won't have a hair of his head touched."

The bully knew the fearful advantage which the use of the knife gives, too well; he came down a little. He said only:

"What for?"

"Because I choose it. How could such as you understand if I told you why?" said the gentlemanly man, with a fiercer snarl than ever. "I am a rogue of long standing, but I have seen better things, you Sykes. I hate you and your class. Hell has begun with me in this world, with all its torment and its loathing; and the most terrible part of my torment is, that those I loved faithfully have cast me off, and that I have to herd with such hounds as you. But I will be revenged on one, until I bring him to reason; and, while I carry a knife, I will express my loathing and scorn for such curs as you. Come hither, lad. Do you care for your cousin Reuben?"

As he said this he moved the handkerchief from my mouth, and I answered, "Yes, I cared very much for my cousin."

"We are a parcel of thieves and worse, my lad, who have got possession of the room he rents. He knows us, my boy, and has been seen in our company. If you say one word about to-night's work, your cousin Reuben will be transported as an accomplice of ours. So you see how fatal the consequences of your speaking would be. We shall be gone to-morrow, maybe. You'd best say nothing, for your cousin's sake."

I said that I would not say one word.

"If you do," said Pistol, "I'll have your bingy; strike me as blind as a morepork if I don't have your bingy!" (by which speech I know, through the

light of later experience, that Mr. Pistol had been transported).

"Shut up, fool," said the gentlemanly man. "Sykes, I am going to let this young 'un go."

"I'll cut his throat if he blows," said blustering Bill. "*He knows me.* He knows he'll never be safe if he does. Swear him. Do you wish you may die if you peach, you cursed young toad?"

"You clumsy fool," said the gentlemanly man; "put him on his honour, I tell you. You'll have his monkey up directly. You're not going to say a word, for your cousin's sake; are you, Jim?"

I repeated that I would not say one single word.

"Then come outside here," said the gentlemanly man. And so he led me to the door, pulled the cloth from my eyes, shut me out on the landing, and locked the door after. When I found myself free on the landing, I am pleased to remember that the first thing I did was to offer up a short thanksgiving: that it was only the grace after meat which I repeated in my haste is no matter—the intention was the same.

Now the steed was stolen I shut the stable-door, and went downstairs with the most elaborate caution, in anticipation of another ambuscade. I was a long time in reaching my bedroom. At last I reached it. One of the pleasantest moments in my life was when I slipped into bed, and heard my father and mother snoring in the next room, producing between them such a perfect imitation of a rusty mine-pump, as would have made their fortunes on the "boards."

One comfort was that Joe had not missed me. He was lying just as I left him. He had evidently been fast asleep all the time.

Had he? The moment I was comfortably settled he spoke. He said, "It was touch and go for that devil Sykes, old Jim."

"What do you mean, Joe?" I asked, in my astonishment.

"Mean!" said Joe, laughing; "why, that I was standing in the dark behind

him with our bedroom poker, and, if he had raised his hand six inches higher, I'd have had him down like a dead dog, and Pistol after him. He'd have gone down at once, if I hadn't seen the knife in the other one's hand. When he turned up trumps, I let things be."

"Then it was *you* who followed me upstairs?"

"So it was, Jim. I've had my suspicions about that room; and, when you began to cry out in your sleep about Reuben watching corpses up there, and when you got out and went up, I followed you. I thought you were sleep-walking, and so didn't dare to wake you. I've followed you into many fights, my old boy, and I wasn't going to let you go up there alone."

"I think you would follow me to death, Joe."

"I think I would," he said. "They had nothing but one dark-lantern, or I should have had to plan the dickens. I wonder what they are doing there! I think they are only hiding. We must speak to Rube, poor lad. It is very hard on him. Poor faithful, affectionate fellow! I wish he had more determination; I wish he could say No. But what can he do?"

"I'll tell you what," I said. "I have a suspicion. I believe that the man who came to my assistance with his knife was the same man I saw in Lawrence Street, that I told you of, when Rube was among the whole gang."

Joe rose up in bed, and said, in accents of profound astonishment, "Why, do you mean to say you don't see how things stand?"

I said, "No; but that long-nosed fellow seemed to have some kind of influence with Rube."

"Do you mean to say," said Joe, "that you haven't made out this much: That hook-nosed man is Reuben's father, our cousin, Samuel Burton, come home from his transportation, having followed, as I strongly suspect, Mr. George Hillyar? Didn't you make that out?"

I was too much dumbfounded to speak.

"You old stupid, you old hammer-smith. I thought you had made it all out, and would speak even to me, Reuben having distrusted me. I have watched the man days and days, till I made it out. Don't you see how doubly it tongue-ties you and me, the only two who know it?"

I did see that, certainly. But at this moment my father dreamt of the devil, and had to be punched awake by my mother, lest he should pass into that fourth and dangerous state of mesmeric coma, as did the young lady spoken of by that acute scientific reasoner, Dr. G—. In which case, as every one ought to know, it would have become necessary to mesmerise some one else, nineteen to the dozen, to fetch him back again, before he got into the fifth state, which is the deuce and all. At all events, my father awoke, and accused my mother on the spot of having had the nightmare, in consequence of having taken too much vinegar with her trotters at supper: which was all she got for her pains. But, he being awake, Joe and I talked no more.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFFAIRS AT STANLAKE.

GERTY didn't like England; she couldn't possibly conceive why the people in England didn't all go and live in Australia. James wanted to get as many of them as would come, over to Cooksland free of expense, and when they came they always liked it—in the end, you would understand her to mean; for at first they felt strange, and were, Lord bless you, more particular over their rations than any corn-stalk cockatoo who might have treed his section on the burst, and come back to the shed: or than any real stringy back hand ever thought of being. She didn't see why they should not all move over together. It wouldn't do to leave the Queen behind; but she might get to think better of it as soon as she saw how much superior Australia was to England. And so she used to twitter on to old Sir

George Hillyar, never allowing for the fact that, when most confidential and affectionate with him, she was apt (as above) to ramble off into fields of utterly incomprehensible slang, and to leave his close-cropped grey hair standing on end with amazement.

Gerty didn't like Stanlake. "Not very much, papa," she would say to Sir George, taking his hand in hers; "you ain't offended, are you? because I mustn't offend you, or else James will be angry with me when I go back home, and say it is all my fault. I love you, but I don't like Stanlake. George knows you are going to leave it to him, because Mr. Compton advised him to cut down the east belt. But I don't like it. It's so cold to your bones."

"What do you like, my dear little white rosebud?" Sir George said one day, laughing.

"Why," she answered, "let me see. I like you (very much indeed—you don't know how much); and I like George more than you; and I like Erne more than you, but not so much as George. And I like Reuben the waterman, and his cousin the blacksmith, Jim—I mean, you know, Erne's friend—the tall lad with the large brown eyes, who sat under the tomb that first Sunday when the pew-opener poked the umbrella into her husband's eye, because the mad woman caught spiders in her prayers (you didn't hear of that, though). I like him, and I like his great big sister; for, although her hands are very red, she has a gentle face, and her voice is like James's when he is playing with baby. I like all these; so I can't be so hard to please as you want to make out, you cruel tyrant."

"I don't mean what people do you like," said Sir George, gently, "for I believe you love everyone you come near, just as everyone loves you. I mean, what do you like to do best? What can I do to amuse you, to make the time go less slowly?"

"I like the fire best," said Gerty. "I like to sit before the fire, and look at the coals."

"Why?"

"It warms my poor bones," said Gerty. "And I see things there."

"Tell me what, Gerty—tell me what. Do you ever see a little white sea-swallow that has winged its way, such a weary way, over the heaving sea to sing to an old man and soften his heart?"

"No," said Gerty, simply, "I don't ever remember to have seen that. I see black fellows, and ships, and balls, and things of that kind. I saw the quartz range beyond Neville's Gap once yesterday, where we go to get flowers. My word, what a rage poor mamma was in!"

"About what?" asked Sir George, much amused. "About the ships, or the black fellows?"

"About my book-muslin frock, you foolish thing, and my complexion; there wasn't a bit of it as big as your hand that wasn't torn. And there *were* black fellows in this story, too—for, when I found I was bushed, I had to go and look after them to take me home; and I followed the cattle-tracks till I came to the great Billebong where they were fishing, and I made them up stick and take me home. Lord! you should have seen me coming in state over the paddock with my hair down, and five-and-forty black fellows, lobras, picanninies and all, at my heels. You would have laughed."

"I think I should," said Sir George.

"Mamma didn't," said Gerty. "I was as brown as you; and that book-muslin cost a deal of money. She made such a fuss about it before the black fellows, that they went back and tracked me to the Grevillea Scrub, to get the shreds of it which were left on the thorns, thinking they were some priceless tissue. They kept bringing pieces of it as long as your little finger, or smaller, to my mother ever so long, and wanting her to give them brandy and tobacco for them. She *was* angry."

"She must have had good cause, with six daughters like you to take care of."

"Yes. You see she had staked her reputation that we should marry better than the seven Brown girls. And what with poor papa going off at the Prince

of Wales, with the gout getting into his stomach, and tallow down to three-pence, and all the hands on the burst at once, it was enough to make her anxious, wasn't it?"

"I should think so," Sir George would reply. And then she would go chirruping on again; and George would sit watching them from behind his book.

There was no doubt whatever that silly Gerty was making extraordinary way with the old man. Her amazing beauty, her gentleness, and her simplicity won the old man completely; while her piquant conversation as above (it was piquant enough from her mouth, though it may be dull from this pen), amused him immensely. Whenever she was utterly, unintelligibly, colonial in her language, Sir George would make her explain herself, and this would cause her to use other colonialisms worse than the first, to his intense delight. She was winning on the old man day by day, and George saw it with hope.

The old man would sit hours with her now. They neither bored the other. Gerty loved talking, and he loved listening to her strange prattle. Sir George grew sensibly more free with and kind to his son; and the odd eight thousand a-year—which Secretary Oxtou had encouraged him to go to London and seek—seemed nearer to realization day by day. Old Compton, the lawyer, used to come often, as his wont was; and, as he saw Sir George and Gerty together so much, he took the trouble to watch them, and as he watched them he said, "A new will!—a new will! My young friend Erne will not be so rich as I thought."

George watched them too, with hope—hope sometimes alternated with despair. Sir George would be sitting beside Gerty absorbed in a kind of pitying admiration of her for an hour or more, when in would come Erne, who loved his sister-in-law, and loved to hear her talk in her strange naïve way, and would stand against his father's chair on the other side. And then George would see the old man's right hand

withdrawn from the arm of Gerty's chair, and his left leg wandering up to smooth down the clustering brown curls, which hung on Erne's head like a garland.

Then George would set his teeth and curse Erne silently in his heart, for his hatred of him grew stronger day by day. He *knew* that Erne was utterly simple and undesigning ; that he loved Gerty—nay, that he loved *him*, George himself ; but he would not know it. He fed his heart in secret denunciations of his brother. He let the devil in ; and, to himself and in private, he cursed his brother for a designing young villain, knowing that he was lying all the time. The story of Cain and Abel is a very old one. Where were James and Aggy now ?

People called on Gerty. The Nalders called ; but Gerty was looking out of window, and saw them as they drove up, and wasn't at home. She would die sooner than be at home when that artful bold Yankee woman had the audacity to call and hunt up her husband—much sooner die, for then they would be sorry for her, and would not despise her. She had *some* spirit left, she thanked Heaven, though the cold *had* got into her bones. Nevertheless, she looked from behind the curtain as they drove away, and saw that Mrs. Nalder had been dressed by a Frenchwoman, and looked horridly handsome and amiable ; and that Nalder had mounted a tall white hat on to his honest head, and wore what he would have called a white vest and black pants, although it was only half-past two in the afternoon.

Then, another time, some other horrid people called. She couldn't see who they were, but was sure they were horrid, and she wasn't at home. But she heard a loud voice in the hall say, "Sure, then, Phayley, we'll wait in the parlour till she come ;" and then, with a little cry of joy, she ran out of the drawing-room, and the next moment had buried her lovely head in the capacious bosom of Miss Lesbia Burke.

The good Irishwoman half laughed and half cried over her ; at one time

holding her at arm's length to get a good look at her, and the next hugging her again, like a dear old lunatic as she was ; while Mr. Phelim O'Brien (the leader of the Opposition, James Oxtan's deadly enemy) stood looking on, with a smile of infinite contentment on his handsome face. It appeared that he and his cousin, Miss Burke, were to be in London for some time on "*bhisnuss*," and they could meet again often. Lesbia brought all kinds of tender loves from half the colony ; and, more, it was this battered old Irishwoman who had gone out of her way to Neville's Gap, that she might visit the quartz ranges, and bring Gerty a great nosegay of wild flowers ; and here they were in a band-box, triumphantly. They were all withered and dead—no more like their former selves, than was Lesbia Burke to the beauty of thirty years before : **but** some of the aromatic ones kept their scent still—the dear old bush scent—speaking of peaceful sunny summer days among the hot silent forests ; and Lesbia's heart was as true and as loving now as it was when she learnt her first prayer at her mother's knee.

Gerty did not chirrup much to Sir George that night, but sat back in her easy chair, with the faded flowers on her lap, tying them up into various bunches like a child, and sometimes untying them and altering them. Once she looked up and asked him whether he did not wonder why she was doing this, and he said "Yes."

"I am calling up the different holidays I have had, and am making up a bouquet for each one, of the flowers I remember best on those days, in order that you and George may put them in my coffin. I should like this bunch of silver wattle to lie on my heart, because they grow thick in the paddocks at Barker's Station, where George came and made love to me."

"You must not talk about coffins, my love," said Sir George. "Try cradles, hey ? that is more to the purpose."

"It may be either," said Gerty, rising wearily. "I think I will go to bed. I think you had better send for Aggy ;

she is at the Bend. She will be here in an hour. I wish you could send for her."

Then the poor little woman looked wildly round the room and saw where she was; and, as she realized the fact that her sister was sixteen thousand miles away, she gave a weary little moan, which went to Sir George's heart.

"She is too far to send for, my love," he said, kindly. "I wish she were here."

"Stay," said Gerty. "Tell me, dear old papa, was Lesbia Burke here to-day, or am I dreaming again? I know she was. These are the flowers she brought me. George! George! send for old Lesbia!"

Lesbia Burke was sent for, and we need not insult your judgment by telling you that she came raging off instantly to the assistance of the sweet little bush flower. She was naturally a loud woman, and was rather louder than usual on her journey in consequence of her impatience. But the moment she entered Stanlake doors, she, with the wonderful adaptive power of her nation, became transformed into a calm, dexterous, matronly lady, with a commanding power expressed in every word and attitude. She took possession of the house and ruled it. Sir George Hillyar had an eye for female beauty, but he told George that he had never seen anything like Lesbia Burke's poses before. When she swept into the library, at two o'clock in the morning, with the lighted candle close against her stern-marked face, and announced the event to them, both of them started. "The Siddons, as Lady Macbeth, would have hidden her head," said Sir George. She certainly was a terribly beautiful woman.

It was she who put the baby into bed with Gerty when the doctor gave leave, and who, when she heard Gerty's strange little croon of delighted wonder, fell on the astonished doctor and baronet's neck, and called him an "ould darlin'."

"Good heavens!" said the precise old gentleman; "I hope no one saw her. What would Lady Savine say?

You never know what these Irish people will be at next."

CHAPTER XXIX.

JAMES BURTON'S STORY: THE BEGINNING OF THE BAD TIMES.

"THE Simultaneity of certain Crises in Human Thought, more especially relating to the Results of Investigation into Mechanical Agents," would form a capital title for a book, as yet to be written. As good a title as could be found (if you don't mind a little American, and follow Sir Walter Scott's doctrine about the title of books), because no one could by any possibility gather from it what the deuce the book was about, until they had read it.

The writer of this book would have to take notice that, for the last hundred years (say), intelligence has been so rapidly circulated, that the foremost thinkers in all civilized countries are at work for the same end at one and the same time. He would have to point out as examples (I merely sketch his work out for him) the simultaneous invention of steamboats on the Clyde and in New York; the nearly simultaneous invention of the Electric Telegraph in England and in America (though Cook and Wheatstone were clicking messages to Camden Town three months before the Yankees got to work). Again, for instance, the discovery of the planet Neptune, by Adams and Leverrier; and last, not least, the synchronic invention of the centrifugal bucket-lifter for emptying cesspools—claims for which were sent in at the same time by Ebenezer Armstrong, of Salford, and by James Burton, of Church Place, Chelsea.

What actually ruined us was, that none of us would go near the machine after it was made, and that it had to be worked by third parties. In his enthusiasm for science, I believe that my father would have gone and superintended, but his proposition was met by flat rebellion of the whole family. My father demanded whether or no he

was master in his own house ; whereto Emma, who had a vast deal of spirit at times, replied promptly, "No, don't let him think so. Nothing of the kind." Emma's having turned Turk startled my father, and caused him to reconsider the matter of his being master in his own house in another, and, let us hope, a better spirit ; for he only sat down and troubled me for his pipe. When he had nearly smoked it, he caught my eye, and said, "There was three or four keys wanted driving home, old chap ; and a washer or two on the upper spindle would have broke no one's bones. Nevertheless, let be ; she is right in general. It'll all be the same one day."

That night in the dark, Joe, who was at home, turned towards me and said :

"Jim, Erne Hillyar is making fine gentlemen and ladies of us. We oughtn't to have stopped his going to see the machine at work. I ought to have gone, and you ought to have gone also. We are getting too fine, Jim ; it won't do."

I quite agreed, now I had time to think, and we determined to go the very next night.

But the very next day came Erne, looking so wonderfully handsome and so exquisitely clean, that going to Augusta Court to superintend the emptying of a cesspool became absolutely impossible. Certainly, what Joe said was true ; Erne was making fine gentlemen of us.

That night the gentlemen who had charge of the machine came home and reported it broken. It had to be repaired. To satisfy curiosity, it was what gold-miners call a California pump (which is an old Chinese invention), but with hollow paddles, nearly like buckets. We had not repaired it for three weeks, and, by the time we got it to work again, Armstrong had sent in his claim, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that the delay was entirely our own fault.

Strange to say, the invention had been registered some years, though, from want of practical knowledge, the

machine had never been used. The former patentee instituted legal proceedings against my father and Armstrong. Cohen and Mark, the solicitors, bought up Armstrong, and we were nearly ruined.

So ends the history of my father's inventions. The other day my mother asked him whether he couldn't contrive a spring to prevent the front door slamming. He declined pointedly, saying that he had had enough of that in his life, and that she ought to be ashamed of herself for talking about such things.

Nearly ruined. All my father's savings, all Joe's little earnings, and most of the furniture, just saved us. We could keep the house over our heads, for we had taken it by the year, and my father and I had our trade and our strength between us and ruin still. And as is very often the case, troubles did not come singly. There was another forge established at the bottom of Church Street, and our business grew a little slack (for new brooms sweep clean). We knew that a reaction in our favour would set in soon ; but, meanwhile, our capital was gone, and we had to depend on our ready-money receipts for the men's wages.

Those men's wages were a terrible trouble. I have had a peaceful, prosperous life, and have been far better used than I deserve ; for the trouble about these men's wages is the worst trouble, save the great disaster of my life, which I have ever known. I had always been a great favourite with them, and used to skylark and chaff with them ; but that soon was altered when the curse of poverty came upon us. I was so terribly afraid of offending them. Their wages must be paid on Saturday, or they would go to the other forge. We had often to give trust, but we could never take trust from them. They had each eighteen shillings a week—two pounds fourteen ; and one week we only took three pounds seven in cash. There was not a stick of furniture, or a watch, or a spoon left which could go.

Then began the time of short meals. There were no more "jints" now. The

"kag-mag and skewer-pieces," &c. contemptuously mentioned by my father to Mr. Compton, were now luxuries—luxuries which were not indulged in every day by any means. The first necessity was bread and butter for the "kids," as our merry Reuben, absent through all of it, used to call them; the supply of that article and of milk-and-water was kept up to the last.

If the contemplation of a family who triumphantly come out strong, in the middle of a complication of troubles and difficulties, is pleasing to any of my readers, I should like him to have seen the Burton family in *their* troubles. It would have done his honest heart good to have seen the way in which we came out, when we hadn't really, for three weeks, enough, or near enough, to eat.

My mother took to singing about her work. She couldn't sing a bit. She never could and never will; but she took to it for all that. Some people take to playing the flute who can't play it at all, and therefore there is no reason why my mother shouldn't take to singing. At all events, she did, with an ostentatious light-heartedness which we could all see through. It would have been better if she had known any tune; but she didn't, and so we had to do without. Her singing, however, was better than some very fine singing indeed, for it produced the effect intended; it showed us all that she was determined to act as pitch-pipe in the family quire.

And we took up the harmony with a will, I warrant you. We had always been an easy-going, gentle sort of family; but now our benevolence began to take an active form to one another, which was painful then, and is painful now when I look back on it. Our love for one another had before this run on in a gentle, even stream; now it had got on the rapids and become passionate; for the same unwhispered terror was in all our hearts—the terror lest, in the troubles and evils which were coming thick upon us, we might break up the old family bond and learn to care for

one another less—the ghastly doubt as to whether or no, our love would stand the test of poverty.

Would it have outlived a year's disgraceful weary want, or would it not? That is a terrible question. Our troubles came so hard and fast, that *that* test was never applied to us. The only effect our troubles had on us was to knit us the closer together; to turn what had been mere ox-like contentment in one another's society into a heroic devotion—a devotion which would have defied death. And the one person who led us through our troubles—the one person who gave the key-note to our family symphony, and prevented one jarring note from being heard—the person who turned out to be most cheerful, most patient, most gentle, most shifty, and most wise of all of us—was no other than my awkward, tall, hard-featured, square-headed, stupid old mother.

Fools would have called her a fool. I think that, in the times of our prosperity, we older children had got a dim notion into our heads that mother was not quite so wise as we were. Three weeks of misfortune cured us of that opinion, for ever and ever. That she was the most affectionate and big-hearted of women we had always known, but we never knew what a wonderful head she had till this time. When that great and somewhat sluggish brain got roused into activity by misfortune, we were almost awed by her calm, gentle wisdom. When better times came again, that brain grew sluggish once more; my mother's eyes assumed their old calm, dreamy look, and she again became capable of rambling in her line of argument, and of being puzzled on such subjects as potatoes. But we never forgot, as a revelation, the shrewd, calm woman who had appeared to us in our time of trouble, had advised, and managed, and suggested, and softened affairs, till one was ashamed of being discontented. We never forgot what my mother could be, when she was wanted.

Yesterday I was sitting at her feet, watching the sun blaze himself to death behind the crags of Nicnicabarah.

My youngest boy had played himself to sleep upon her knee, and the light of the dying day smote upon her magnificent face as I turned and looked up into it. And then I saw the old, old look there—the look of perfect, peaceful, happy goodness—and I blessed God that there were such people in the world ; and then in my memory I carried that dear calm face back through all the turbulent old times at Chelsea, and pondered there at her knee, until the darkness of the summer night had settled down on the peaceful Australian forest.

I have often spoken of my gentle sister Emma hitherto. I have represented her to you as a kind, sensible, handsome girl, with an opinion of her own, which opinion was generally correct, and which also was pretty sure to be given—in short, an intensely loving and loveable, but rather uninteresting person—a girl, I should have said, with every good quality except energy. I should have said, up to this time, that it would have been difficult to make Emma take a sudden resolution, and act on it with persistency and courage. She was, as I should have said, too yielding, and too easily persuaded, ever to have made a heroine, in spite of her energetically-given opinions on all subjects.

Whether I was right or not, I cannot say ; for she *may* have lacked energy hitherto, but she did not now. When my mother showed that remarkable temporary development of character which followed on her being thoroughly aroused to the change in our position, Emma looked on her once or twice with affectionate awe, and then took up the burden of my mother's song and sung it busily and clearly through the livelong day. She sang the same old song as my mother did, though in clearer tones—a song of ten thousand words set to a hundred tunes. She sang of cheerful devoted love, the notes of which, though vibrating in a Chelsea fog, make the air clearer than the sky of Naples.

I saw the change in her quickly.

There was no abrupt statement of opinions now. She set herself to follow my mother's example quietly and humbly. Once, after looking at my mother, she came and kissed me, and said, "Who would have thought her so noble !" From that time she became my heroine.

Erne came to see us just as usual, and until long after it was all over, he never found out that anything was wrong. Our intense pride made us cunning. We were always exactly as we were in old times, whenever he called. My mother and Emma never sang in that ostentatious way when he was there, and all violent demonstrations of affection towards one another were dropped. He was perfectly unacquainted with our terrible strait all through. We knew that one word to him would have ended our troubles at once. We knew that fifty pounds would have tided us over the evil time, and that fifty pounds was to be had by asking ; but we couldn't ask from *him*. More, we must not let him guess that we were in difficulties, lest he should offer, and we should have peremptorily, and without the help of ordinary tact (for we were low-bred people), to refuse his offer.

If you ask, Were there any further motives which caused us to be so cautious in keeping our difficulties from Erne ? I answer, They were simply these :—My father and mother, who did not know of Erne's love for Emma, were too proud and high-minded to take advantage of him. Joe and I, who had become aware of that attachment, would have thought that we were selling our sister ; and, as for Emma—why, I should not have liked to be the man who would have proposed such a thing to her. I would sooner have gone alone into Augusta Court or Danvers Street after dark, fifty times over, than have faced the tornado of passionate scorn which would have broken over any one's head who proposed to her to trade on Erne's love for her. And, moreover, although I had never seen Emma in a moment of terrible emergency, yet I knew, by a kind of instinct, that Emma's dove-like head, which we had only seen as

yet turned from side to side in gentle complacency, or at most raised calmly in remonstrance, was, nevertheless, capable of towering up into an attitude of scornful defiance; and that that gentle loving voice, in which we had heard no shrill note as yet, was capable of other tones—of tones as clear, as fierce, and as decided, as those of any scolding Peregrine.

This bitter trial of ours—for three weeks, we elders were more than half starved, if you will excuse my mentioning it; and we pawned, to use my mother's forcible English, every stick of furniture and every rag of clothes that could be spared—had a great effect on Emma. She never was dictatorial after this. Before this, she was as perfect as need be, but unluckily she thought so, and required sometimes what I, in my low vulgar way, would have called "shutting up." But, after my mother utterly astounded us all, by behaving as she did—taking the helm, playing first fiddle in the family quire, and drawing the family coach clear off the lee shore of despair (Harry says that there is a confusion of metaphor here, but Harry is a fool)—after those times, she was not only humbler in her suggestions, but developed a busy energy quite unlike the steady, peaceful diligence of the old easy-going times. When, shortly after this, in an emergency, she displayed courage and determination of the highest order, I was not in the least surprised.

How my father and I worked all this time! Real work was, alas! very slack, but we made work—made things on speculation—things which never were asked for, and which never were worth the coals they cost. My father, a perfect Quentin Matsys, set to work on a small wrought-iron gate, from designs fur-

nished by Joe, which, if completed, was to make his fortune. It was never finished; but I have it now, and a beautiful piece of work it is.

Erne brought us news from Reuben. He was going on just the same, and seemed as great a favourite as ever with Sir George, and, what seemed still stranger, with young Mr. George. Erne always lowered his voice now when he spoke of his brother. There was no doubt, he said, that George regarded him with deep jealousy and dislike. "He is afraid," said Erne, "of my coming between my father and him. I never do that. When he and my father are together I am seldom there, and when present silent. The only time I get with my father is when he and my brother's wife are together. I always join these two, and we three are very happy together."

And during all this time, in the midst of short commons, anxiety, and hard work, I had on my mind the terrible guilty secret of that dreadful room upstairs, and of what I had seen there. I was as silent as death on the subject. I had had no opportunity of communicating with Reuben since the night of my adventure; and the one small piece of comfort in the whole matter was, that Reuben was still away at Stanlake, and would, in all probability, follow the family in the summer. Therefore, whatever happened, he must be held to be innocent.

Meanwhile, I had not even Joe to consult with; for, a few days after our adventure in Reuben's room, he met with a singular piece of good fortune, which seemed likely to affect materially his prospects in life.

To be continued.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"EDINA, SCOTIA'S DARLING SEAT."

THE "fresh woods and pastures new," to which a fate wonderfully like chance called me late in the autumn of 1839, were those of the city of Edinburgh. My conveyance to them was the prosaic one of the Aberdeen and Leith steamboat—Granton Pier not being then in so forward a state as to have quite superseded dusky old Leith as the landing-place for Edinburgh. Prosaic, did I say? There is a time of life, there are moods and conjunctures, in which nothing is prosaic; and, though I have taken many longer voyages since, in greener seas, along more romantic coasts, in more luxuriously-equipped boats, and in more sprightly society, that day of my twelve hours of watchful pacing to and fro on the deck of the unconcerned little steamer that was carrying me (there were other sheep and cattle on board) from the city and region of the Scottish east coast with which alone till then I had been familiar, to an actual residence in a more celebrated Scottish city and region, which I had indeed visited once, and to which I had been lured for some time by an indescribable fascination, but which was to me as full of mystery and the chance of adventure as had it been two thousand miles away and in a foreign land—that day remains in my memory as among the most poetical and the most fraught with consequences of any of the earth's semi-rotations in which I have borne a part.

My fascination to Edinburgh—why should I conceal it?—was Dr. Chalmers. In one of his missionary perambulations of Scotland, for the purpose of rousing us all in favour of his mighty national schemes, he had passed through our benighted parts; and thus I, who had heard much of him before, and had read

this or that of his writings, had actually seen his grand white head, and been subject, as one of a vast assembly, to the mass and rush of his living eloquence. At sixteen we are impressible, even in Aberdeen; and nothing like this had occurred to me before. The world is large, and the Pantheon of its remarkable men, living or dead, is numerous and various enough; but we did not, in those days, hear much in the North—at least, the younger of us did not—of Kant, and Goethe, and other foreign potentates of the intellectually universal, now known even to our kittens. Some inquisitive savage among us did, one day, I remember, bring us news of some extraordinary German poet, whom he called "Goeth," and whom a better-informed savage afterwards denominated for us, more correctly, "Gutty;" but, as all that came before us as a specimen of this "Gutty" was a translation by somebody or other of his little poem of the Fisherman, he did not by any means fasten upon us. Nay, of several men of great intellectual influence then living in England and Scotland as coevals of Chalmers, and who have been important enough to me and others since then, not even the names had reached our limits. And, though Shakespeares and Byrons and Scotts and Burnses are all very well, one wants in early youth, if it can be had, some type of living greatness to think of, some living object of paramount admiration. To me, through circumstances, this was given in dear old Chalmers. Till he flashed casually before me in that perambulation of benevolence which led him into our bleakish parts, never had I felt such a power, never had I conceived the possibility of such prodigiousness of energy in

human form. He answered all one's young notions, and more, of what "greatness" might be; and from that day the whole of that part of our island to which my vision was as yet pretty much bounded seemed to me full of him, and almost of him only. Scotland was but a platform, to and fro on which there walked a Chalmers. Other spirits there might be—here a cool thinker meditating important things, and there some writer of tales, poems, or lyrics that one could call beautiful; but for general brain and genius, for grand picturesqueness of manner, for thought all in conflagration as he moved and spoke, who like this man? Even then, I daresay, I was aware that it was not as a representative of the higher modern culture or an exponent of the deepest forms of modern thought that Dr. Chalmers was to be regarded; and ere long I had opportunities of knowing how very far he was from being such, and, indeed, how vast and Cimmerian was his ignorance in many tracks in which others were learned, and in what a few permanent speculative ruts of its own making, because no others would fit the wheels, his massive mind rolled. When I come to speak of him particularly, I shall hope to be as strict and judicial on this subject as my great love for his memory will let me be. Suffice it here to say that, as even now I can deliberately affirm that, using "greatness" simply as a quantitative word, and regarding all farther definition as qualitative, I have met no human being in the world that I would call "greater" than Chalmers, so at that time he was, of all living men I had till then seen or heard of, absolutely the greatest. And so, whatever other consequences may have followed his visit to our northern parts, one consequence was that he had seized the soul of one young fellow listening to him afar off, and, when he took his departure southwards again, drew that young soul after him, as some large celestial body might hook to itself unawares, in traversing some new part of the heavens, a small would-be moon.

It is easy for anonymous bodies in

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space to become moons when they choose. They have nothing else to do. But a young fellow cannot so easily quit his local moorings, wherever they may chance to be. And so Dr. Chalmers had come and gone; and, though, he had taken my heart with him, I was left behind in body. So far as appeared, there was nothing for it but that I should continue where I was, in the vicinity of Old Marischal College, or of the new building that was taking its place, and receive, in that familiar granite ground, from men respectable enough and long-headed enough—but oh! what were they after that glimpse of Chalmers?—the rest of the education appointed for me by routine. But, unexpectedly, the opportunity came. As I was walking one afternoon to a class-appointment of mine, I met—at a spot which I could point out yet—an elderly friend whom I was accustomed to meet daily at or near that spot, going to a business appointment of his at the same hour, and who, this afternoon, contrary to his usual custom—for he was punctual as clock-work—would stop for a few minutes to speak with me. "Do you ever think of going to Edinburgh?" he asked, not from the least notion of what had been passing in my mind, but with reference to a little plan that had just then been suggested to him, and which he partly explained. The details can interest nobody. It is enough to say that, after the briefest inquiry, the plan seemed to suit, and that, in a very little while, I was on board the aforesaid steamer on a raw, early morning, gazing at the receding quays and shipping and streets and steeples of Bonaccord, as the steamer, crossing the difficult harbour-bar, plunged out into the open sea, and turned its course to the south.

In the sail from Aberdeen to Edinburgh, with the track of foam in the steamer's wake all the way, you are never, or hardly ever, out of sight of land. On the left side of the vessel, indeed, looking seaward, you have the whole German Ocean to send your straining fancies over—one boundless.

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monotony of biggish waves, save when sometimes there comes a spout, and a tumbling as of some live object, at a distance, and a sailor tells you it is a whale ; but, on the other side, which naturally you most frequent, there is an almost continuous view of the headlands, the hills, the cliffs, the shelving shores, the small bays and inlets, with streams debouching in them, along which you pass. And, although the Scottish east coast is nothing so picturesque as the west or Highland coast, it has a satisfying character of its own for those who are native to it and have a little knowledge of its economy and traditions. If, for example, after coming out of Aberdeen harbour, you have rounded Girdleness Point with its lighthouse, on your way south, you have, first of all, the novel aspect from the sea of objects and spots in the northern angle of Kincardineshire that have been so familiar to you in your Saturday-afternoon walks from Aberdeen, that you have scarcely thought of them till now as being in another county. Is not that the parish-church of Nigg, four miles out of Aberdeen, where it has been the custom, from time immemorial, for young Aberdeen licentiates to make their first venture in preaching, and where you have once or twice been present on such an interesting occasion, when some gaunt friend of yours was the ashy-pale performer ? And is not that the fishing-village of Cove, at the inn of which you have eaten fish dinners, and among the rocks of which, in the deep green pools, you have tried to catch fish bigger than you could hook from the Aberdeen jetties ? And what is this, a few miles farther on, but the famous village of Findon, or Finnan, which has given its name to the matchless dried haddocks supplied to British gastronomy specially from this part of the Scottish coast—or, alas ! that used to be so supplied, before there were railways and the demand became too great for the supply to remain honest ? And so on and on, past villages and bits of bleak coast less known to you, till you are off the town of

Stonehaven, immediately beyond which is the grand ruin of Dunnottar Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Earls Marischal, perched on a rock, the cliffs of which break to the sea by a sheer descent of 160 feet, and are alive and clangorous, as the steamer passes, with countless clouds and eddies of white sea-fowl. You remember the old legends of this castle and its neighbourhood—how it was in the dungeon of the castle, still called the Whigs' Vault, that so many Covenanters were imprisoned and tortured during the last days of the Persecution ; and how it was in the parish-churchyard adjacent that Sir Walter Scott came upon David Paterson, the original of his "Old Mortality," cleaning and re-chiselling the gravestone that covered the remains of some of these Dunnottar martyrs. On and on still, the day advancing, along shores less rocky, but still steep in parts, so that sometimes down the brown seabank you see the trickle of a tiny waterfall. Bervie, Johnshaven, St. Cyrus—these are places the names of which have hardly reached England ; but there they are, actual places on the Kincardineshire coast, gazing out over the German Ocean, and forming as it were the seaward eyes of a whole countryside, where industry goes on triumphing over a rather poor soil by reason of the brain of the folk, and whence have come some men of considerable importance in North-British history. It was from cultivating a farm of sour land near Bervie, where his sires had painfully cultivated it before him, that William Burness, the father of Robert Burns, removed to the more genial south and south-west which was to be known as the land of Burns. It was at Laurencekirk, a few miles inland from Bervie—celebrated for its wooden snuff-boxes—that Ruddiman first taught Latin, and that the poet Beattie was born. Fordoun, where the early Scottish chronicler, John of Fordoun, lived, and where George Wishart, the Reformer, was born, is a little farther inland still ; near which is the mansion of Monboddo, the birth-place of the eccentric philosopher who

took his title from it. Fasque House, the patrimonial seat of the Gladstones, is in the same neighbourhood. All this is a little far-fetched, for you cannot exactly see any of it from the steamer. But in a steamer you are in the mood to fetch things from afar; and, as the coast flits past, you have visions of whatever memorable fields and places the map enables you to consider it the fringe. But lo! now you have left the Kincardineshire coast behind you, and are steaming past that of Forfarshire. Forfar is a brave and sturdy-brained county too; and, as you lie off the pretty and busy town of Montrose for a moment, to pick up the boatful of passengers, which here, as at other points throughout the voyage, comes out to catch the steamer, it is by no means far-fetched to remember that James Mill, the father of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and Joseph Hume, the economist of the House of Commons, were natives of Montrose. Brechin, which you would like to see, is a good way inland, and you have to put up with Lunan Bay, Ethie, and the like, and the precipitous cliffs you see thereabouts, and what vague recollections you may have of Cardinal Beaton and others in association with the district, till you reach the ancient town of Aberbrothock, or Arbroath, the Fairport of Scott's "Antiquary." There, or at its back, lies a good deal of the Scottish history about which Mr. Oldbuck and Sir Arthur used to have their disputes. But your chief concern now is that, from this point, you keep out to sea, hugging the shore no longer, but making for Fife Ness straight across the opening of the Firth of Tay and the rough bay of St. Andrews, where, if anywhere, the waves have a habit of rolling, and you may expect a tumble. If you keep far enough out, you cannot but be faintly aware, on the left horizon, of the site of the Bell Rock—whence a tall lighthouse at night now flashes its revolving gleams over many leagues of sea to warn off from the dangerous reef, and where in old times, for the same purpose, there swung and rung with the rising tide, as it covered the reef, the famous bell

placed there by the good monks of Aberbrothock, till Sir Ralph the Rover cut it away and had, as Southey tells us, to rue the consequences. Thoughts of Ralph the Rover or of anything else may occupy you in the longish and rather trying sail across St. Andrews Bay, till at length Fife Ness, or the "East Neuk of Fife," comes into closer view, and, rounding it, you begin to sail in calmer water, with the Isle of May to your left, close along the quickly succeeding villages and small old royal burghs which line the southern shore of Fife and introduce you to the Firth of Forth. You like this glimpse, from the water, of that redoubted county of Fife—the third of the three large east-coast counties you pass in this particular voyage—which rejoices to this day in a distinctive name as "the Kingdom of Fife," and the natives of which, though of the same general large-headed, big shouldered, breed as all the rest of that east-coast region, *have*, it is maintained, some characteristics of their own. Whatever movement, agitating Scotland, has a touch of phrenzy or querness in it, is pretty sure to have had its origin in Fife; for there all the natives, without exception, have some bee or other buzzing between their big heads and their bonnets, and giving a dreamy look to their eyes—so that, in the rest of Scotland, if you want to express your notion that some fellow of great strength otherwise is a little insane or eccentric, you simply touch your temple with your forefinger and say, "A wee Fifish, you ken!" At all events, these old villages and towns of Fife towards the Firth have an interesting look to you from the passing steamer; and you remember that it was from among them that Scotland derived some of her earliest sailors of note, including that unruly Fifeshire lad, Alexander Selkirk (*he* was a "wee Fifish," certainly), whom all the world knows in his immortal guise as Robinson Crusoe. If you had my eyes, you would look with special curiosity at the particular little seaport, called Anstruther or Anster, near the East Neuk, knowing that to be the birthplace

not only of Maggie Lauder, but also of Dr. Chalmers. But, once in the Firth of Forth, you begin to consider your voyage at an end. The steamer, leaving the Fifeshire coast, makes across the Firth for that of Edinburgh ; and, in due time, just as the afternoon thinks of passing into evening, you are alongside one of the Leith quays amid the usual noise of porters and the sights and odours of a place of busy shipping. Now, indeed, a steamer starting from Aberdeen at the time in the morning that ours did, would get you into Leith several hours earlier than was usual then—almost as quickly as if you had come by the railway-journey of which you have now the option. The railway then was unheard of ; and you were fortunate if, having preferred the steamer to the coach, as most people did, you got to Leith in time to be carried up to Edinburgh by the Leith Walk omnibus before it was dark. I did so ; nay, I remember it was still light when I followed, from the Black Bull Hotel, where the omnibus stopped, a diminutive porter with a white wide-awake, to whom I had inadvertently intrusted a chest of books much larger than himself, and who staggered through a succession of streets all strange to me, carrying the burden by means of a rope slung round his forehead, and piloting me at the same time to a lodging, at least a mile off, of which I had given him the address. It used to be a comfort to me afterwards to encounter the little man in the streets and to be assured that my chest had not killed him. I believe he is alive yet, and with the same white wide-awake.

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“Edina, Scotia’s darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once, beneath a monarch’s feet,
 Sat Legislation’s sovereign powers !
 From marking wildly-scattered flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I strayed,
 And singing lone the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honoured shade.”

Such was Burns’s salutation to Edinburgh seventy-seven years ago, when first, as a visitor from his native Ayr-

shire, he found himself within the often-imagined precincts of the capital city. The phrasing of the lyric might have been better ; but the enthusiasm of feeling appropriate to the occasion is exactly conveyed. The salutation may serve yet as an expression of that uniform exultation of sentiment with which any provincial Scotsman, young enough and cultured or *uncultured* enough to be capable of such sensations, looks round him for the first time in the metropolis of his nation. Not only from marking scattered flowers in Ayrshire, but from footing the heather in the Perthshire or the western Highlands, or from gathering granite chips in Aberdeenshire, or from making seal-skin pouches, or whatever other unimaginable thing they do to beguile time, in the remote Orkneys and Shetlands, it is a heart-rousing experience for the Scottish provincial to find himself in Edinburgh. Whencesoever he comes from the varied little area, he retains his attachment to that, as peculiarly his native district ; but all are equally possessed by the general idea of an integral Scotia to which they belong by a higher being than their provincialism ; and of this Scotia the darling seat and centre, in the imagination of all, is that romantic city, “piled deep and massy, close and high,” which gazes over the Firth of Forth from its queenly throne of heights on the southern side.

All this may be very absurd, and very contrary to the latest views in British history and ethnology. The very name Edinburgh, it may be said, indicates that the town was originally “Edwin’s Burg”—a fortress or stronghold, in the seventh century, of the Northumbrian King Edwin, and therefore then on the Anglian or North-English ground. Nay, are there not Anglian ethnologists who inform us out and out that there is not and never has been in nature any legitimate historical entity answering to the name of Scotland, and that the fussy supposition of such an entity was originally a swindle, and has descended as a hal-

lucination? New lights are new lights, and we should be always learning; but, if the notion of a Scotland is a hallucination, there are no facts, and Time is a smoker of opium. Whether there were, in the old pre-Saxon times, Caledonian reguli hovering about the site of Edinburgh, and making some kind of fort of it, and how long and in what way the natives of those parts disputed the possession of them with the encroaching Angles of Northumbria—whether the beginnings of the real organization of what was to be the Scottish nation arose, as the usual tradition is, among the native elements, Gaelic, Pictish, and what not, that were already north of the Forth and the Clyde, and the emerging Gaelic dynasty clutched at all they could of the excellent North-Anglian stuff that was on their borders; or whether a portion of these North-Angles found their interest in attaching themselves to the northern nucleus provided for them, and were able to give a shrewd turn of their own to the character of the kingdom they thus helped to make—about all this there may be wrangling and research. Certain it is that, just about the time when a kingdom founded itself in South Britain, which came to be called England, a smaller kingdom founded itself in North Britain under the name of Scotland, acknowledging a dynasty of native Gaelic descent—the boundary between the two kingdoms being a wavering one, which tended to settle about the line of the Tweed. Certain it is, too, that while the capital, or political centre of gravity, of this North-British kingdom had originally been, now here and now there, to the north of the Lothians—at Perth, at Dunfermline, at Stirling—it gradually, as the weight of the Anglian portion of the population in proportion to the rest increased, tended to the south, till at last Edinburgh, which had had its Holyrood since the twelfth century, became the fixed seat of government. From the beginning of the fifteenth century, or just when the reigns of the Stuart kings began, and the

course of Scottish history becomes somewhat definite for the modern eye between its always picturesque banks, Edinburgh was the undoubted capital. It has continued such ever since. Even after the Scots, in their generosity, had handed over the use of their Stuarts to the English, and had consented to get along themselves without a king's actual presence among them, or only with his presence now and then when he could be spared a week or two from London, all the rest of the central apparatus of nationality—including a Chancery and a Parliament which it would have "bini-fited your sows" to look at—was kept in gear close by St. Giles's kirk in the heart of Auld Reekie. Nay, even when there came to be an end of that "auld sang" too, and the ancient kingdom vanished, as a separate state, from the nature of things, and its Parliament was carried away in a coach to be pieced ingeniously into that of Westminster, Edinburgh's consciousness of being the capital of one bit of the island did not wholly cease, and there were still functions and ceremonies to maintain the tradition. And so we arrive at that Edinburgh of the eighteenth century which Burns saw and saluted with so much emotion. It was then still mainly the dense-packed, high-edified "Old Town," piled wondrously on every available foot of the great ridge from the Castle to Holyrood, with Arthur Seat behind, and, on the other flank, a vacant chasm, and a tract of steep descents to the flats of the Forth. But, even as Burns was looking, the "Old Town" was beginning to burst its bounds, and to spill itself over the fields around, and down those steep descents towards the flats; and, now that the process is complete, there is not only the "Old Town," venerable on its site as ever, but there is the new city as well, and the two together form that matchless Edinburgh of the nineteenth century in which Scotchmen feel a double pride, which tourists have called "the modern Athens," and whose beauty is, every year more and more, one of the rumours of the world.

"Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be,"

says the classic and English Hallam ;

"Thus should her towers be raised ; with vicinage

Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,

As if to indicate, 'mid choicest seats

Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty,—

And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching liberty."

What Edinburgh came to be to me during my residence in it—into what a passion, not wholly gone from my fibre yet, my love of it gradually grew—prose is too shamefaced to be able to tell. It is true that, at first, the provincial obstinacy was strong, and one kept oneself on critical guard, and would not acknowledge or admire more than could be helped. Edinburgh was built of freestone, and what was freestone after the grey granite? "Why, you could *hawk* through these houses with a rusty nail!" two fellow-Aberdonians would say to each other, as they walked along Princes Street, and remembered Union Street in their native town. Suppose then led through Moray Place by their Edinburgh friends, and asked what they thought of it. "Very fine, certainly; but you should see our Golden Square," one of the two would say audaciously, winking to the other—said Golden Square, whose splendiferous name had suggested it, being a tidy square enough, but of a size to go into a hat-box in comparison. And so of moral and social features. What a lingo the Edinburgh populace had, what a pronunciation, what a queer accent and usage of voice, as compared with that perfect speech and exquisitely-delicate modulation for which the Aberdonians are famous! One picked up phrases in the streets—such as "There it's" for "There it is"—which betokened that one was among strangers; nay, one maintained, with conscious pride, that the very oaths heard in Edinburgh were of a poor and effeminate quality, that northern blasphemy was far superior, and that expressions which served to convey an Edinburgh carter's wrath in the last stage of articulate excitement

would in Aberdeen be but the easy utterances of a moderately-vexed lassie. But soon all this oppugnancy, or mock-opugnancy, died away, and one was conquered, lovingly conquered, into sympathy with the air, the manner, and all the enchanting conditions of the noble city. The novelty of the freestone wore off, and it began to seem the finest stone in the world, pleasant after the granite even because of its more manifest softness and its warmer colour. The mere walk through the chief streets, and squares, and crescents, and terraces, came to be a daily delight—whether those most frequented, but where still the bustle was not great; or those on the outskirts, where there were large interspaces of gardens, and the solitude was so undisturbed by foot or wheel that the chinks between the paving-stones were green with growing grass, and in one or two places there was the cawing of a colony of rooks nested on the tops of a few tall trees level with the upper windows of the houses. And soon the dialect of the place, and all its characteristic sounds of life, from its ringing street-cries in the morning, when the Newhaven fish-women went their round, to the thousand lesser vocal peculiarities that struck one as strangely at first, became familiar and kindly. And, in the end, one was attuned to Edinburgh, as by a kind of new nativity that obliterated much in the old, or by a naturalization at due season in an element to which one had always had a prescriptive right—for was not Edinburgh the metropolis to all North Britons alike?—but in the actual introduction to which there was a sense of enlargement, of participation in a world of richer, freer, and more poetic associations. What Edinburgh became to me, I repeat, the modesties of writing in such matters will not permit me to express. Her very dust to me was dear. Take your Pesth, your Naples, your Florence, your Constantinople, ye rovers whom they have smitten; swear by your Paris, ye cosmopolitan pleasure-seekers; for me—it may be on the principle of "sour

grapes," and because that yachting-voyage round the shores of the Mediterranean has hitherto been postponed which I expect somebody to offer me, all expenses paid, and with the liberty of landing where I like—for me, till I know better (and with London, of course, excepted) give me Edinburgh! "City of my dwelling," I used at one time to say to myself, adapting some words of Richter, "to which I would belong on this side the grave!" That time is gone; but even now I can never approach Edinburgh, or arrive in it by either end of the fine bisecting valley in which the railway runs, without a rousing of the old fondness.

Partly, I suppose, it might have been the same had the place been any other place, not positively ugly, and containing, in any tolerable degree, the requisite conditions of existence. Youth must be passed somewhere; and, wherever youth is passed, it will be hard if the spirit of youth does not fashion out of the scenery and the circumstance, whatever they may be, something of a glory, something of a golden and gleaming world. Oh! those days of life's spring-time, never to return, that have been sung by poets of all ages till the theme is trite, but are likely to be sung, not the less, by every one for himself, if only in those private meditations that come to all after the mid-arch is passed,—those days when, at some power of nature's stirring, the pulses took on a wilder rhythm, and the phantasy flung itself on all things; when images from without, in what crowds soever they might come, were met by a passion from within that overmastered them as it mingled with them; when every sight was of interest, and all was in the degree superlative; when the sky was of a bluer blue, and the fields of a brighter green, and the stars of a superber twinkling, and the songs of birds in the hedges more blithe and sweet; when not a poor weather-stained wall, did it bound a garden that you had reason to love, but was seen as through a tremulous air, with glances themselves a-tremble; when the blush came easily, and there

was loyalty to whatever had won the world's respect; when it was easier to bound than to walk, and a plank in the way was overleapt; when books brought a delight that they have never brought since, and the fireside reverie was full of castles, and every meeting of companions was a revel not to be missed! What matters it where days like these are passed? In every spot—or it is surely in exceptionally hard plight—there is a sufficient epitome of all that is generic in nature and in life; and that one retains a more enthusiastic feeling of relationship to one spot than to any other may depend greatly on the accident that he there spent the period of life during which, in any case and in any place, the mind would have wedded itself strongly to objects and occurrences.

Still there are differences; and, if any unborn soul has no objections to be a North Briton, and thinks it can put up with the inconvenience of a little too much of the east wind in the spring months, and with local sanitary conditions not yet perfect in all points, though greatly improved since Humphry Clinker's time, let me recommend it to try to be born in Edinburgh. And yet I do not know that I ought to take this responsibility. I hope and trust that the Edinburgh of the present day is mindful of its advantages and keeps itself up to the standard of them; but it is only of the Edinburgh of from twenty-five to seventeen years ago—the Edinburgh of the years between 1839 and 1847—that I can speak authentically. Allowing, therefore, as well as I can, for that glamour of youth which might have made even Brentford a place of heavenly horizons had the Fates pitched one there, or Warsaw had one been a Pole, or Cincinnati or New Orleans on a more terrible supposition, let me enumerate or classify some of the things that made Edinburgh then delightful, and which, so far as I am informed, would *not* have been found at New Orleans, or Cincinnati, or Warsaw, or Brentford.

Distinct from the mere process, which

might have been gone through anywhere, of becoming habituated to the general aspect of things in a city to which one was at first new, there was, in Edinburgh, the more protracted acquisition, by continued residence, of the full sense of the city's inexhaustible beauty. There was pleasure in the first glances ; but it was not till there had been hundreds of thousands of glances—the play of the eyes, and of the mind in all moods, for year after year, within the city and amid the scenery around—that one seemed to have comprehended the city completely in one's regards, and netted every portion of it in the vision and the memory. Photographs—those impressions that the mind receives unconsciously with every opening of the eyes, but especially when the eyes are interested and the look becomes a gaze—such photographs had to be taken from many points of view, in all states of the sky, and in all seasons. Always one of the first views, on approaching the city from a particular quarter, was that which gave you, once for all, the bold, romantic outline of the whole—the high, rock-rounding Castle on one side, the monumented Acropolis of the Calton Hill on the other, the ridgy mass of building between, and behind all, the noble shoulder and peak of Arthur Seat, and the great scarped curve of Salisbury Crags. This was a view repeated again and again, with variations, in a thousand subsequent walks about the suburbs, till Arthur Seat became to you, not from one point but from many, actually that couchant lion keeping guard over the city into which the local myth has interpreted its form. Next after this view in frequency, if not the most frequent view of all after you were a denizen of the city, was the interior view in the walk along Princes Street. Walking along this street—which you could not but do twice or thrice every day—you were in the bisecting valley between the New Town and the Old, and, if your course was eastward, you had on your right the grassy steep of the Castle-rock, and then the quaint, dense, sky-serrated mass of tall many-storeyed old houses, the

main Edinburgh of the past, which, detaching itself from the Castle with the name of the High Street, descends, as the Canongate, towards Holyrood Abbey and Palace. It was a walk in which you always lingered, a view varying as it was morning or evening, sunlight or grey weather, and of which you never tired. Then, if you took but a few steps out of Princes Street, by the open way, called the Mound, leading up to the Old Town, and from that partial elevation stopped to look westward, what a change in the panorama ! You were in the very heart of a city, and yet, lo ! both near at hand and afar off, a sylvan land—closest of all to the city the softly-wooded Corstorphine Hills, and, beside and beyond them, expanses dying to distant beginnings of mountains and a horizon of faint amethyst. Perhaps you completed the ascent into the Old Town, and, turning up the High Street to the Castle esplanade, passed the portcullised gateway over the dry moat, and threaded the rocky and winding path within the gate, amid the lounging soldiers and pacing sentries of the garrison, till you came out on the highest battlements beside huge superannuated Mons Meg and the inferior modern cannons to which she has resigned her duty. From that magnificent station in the high cool air you would gaze, it might be for half an hour or more, northwards, northwards, and all around. What a grand range of survey ! Beneath you, paralleled and rectangled over a succession of slopes, the whole of the new city and its gardens, so that the cannon from where you stood could blast it into ruins at a descending angle, and so that always, when they do fire on peaceful gala-days, the windows of the city rattle and shiver with the far-going reverberation ; beyond this city the villa-studded banks of the Forth ; again beyond these the Firth's own flashing waters ; and, still beyond even these, the towns, villages, and heights of the opposite Fifeshire coast. On either side, too, with scarce a turn of the head, other views for many a league, till you could make out, on a clear day, that

the risings in the amethystine distance to your left were really the summits of the far Highland mountains. If, instead of the Castle, it was the Calton Hill that you favoured—and to walk round the Calton Hill was a matter of course in any five minutes of spare time that might happen thereabouts—there was something of the same vastness in the *ensemble*, but with much of sea-change. Sea-change, I say; for, though from one part of this walk round the Hill there was a perspective of the line of Princes Street and of the main adjacent city, and from another there was the finest view of Holyrood down in its valley and of Arthur Seat rising behind, what ravished one through the main part of the circuit was the Firth and its shores—the Firth, either widening out to the open sea-haze between Fife-Ness and North Berwick Law, and showing through the haze the dim shapes of islands and headlands, and of bays beyond dusky Leith, brick-coned Portobello, and the other near coast-towns, or else winding and narrowing more clearly inland to where, over a maze of streets and chimney-stacks crowded under the very base of the hill, the sites of Burntisland, Aberdour, Inverkeithing, and the other coast-towns of Fife, directly opposite to Edinburgh, seemed so definite as to be within arm's hail or other friendly signal. For this characteristic sight, however, of the Firth's waters and the Fifeshire coast from the very heart of Edinburgh, you did not need to ascend any height. Walking in George Street, the next parallel of the New Town to Princes Street, there, at every gap or crossing, you had the same vision of the Firth and of the far Fifeshire coast flashed momentarily upon you; and, if you descended one of those cross-streets, leading down the well-gardened declivity, the vision was permanent. But why attempt an inventory of the endless points of view, within or close by Edinburgh, where the power of its manifold attractions made itself felt? Descend to its old Grassmarket and look up thence at one end to the great Castle on

its most lofty and precipitous side; dive down its Canongate, or place yourself wherever else, deep amid the old and tall houses, you were most shut in from air and an open view in any direction except overhead—there, not the less for all the squalor of the social degeneracy that now tenants these localities, there was still the abounding picturesque. Pass to the opener and newer parts of the city, and everywhere, despite drawbacks, there was richness of new effect. Widen your range and again circumbulate the suburbs, bit by bit, close round the site of the actual city, and you enclosed, as it were, all the interest now accumulated for you on the built space within a circumference of interest equally detailed and various. Finally, to ring in the whole imaginatively, and partly to sever the aggregate Edinburgh you knew from the surrounding country, partly to connect it therewith, there were the walks and excursions that could be taken on any vacant afternoon. Of these—whether for the geologist (for whom the whole vicinity of Edinburgh is specially rich in instruction) or for the pedestrian of vaguer natural tastes—there was great variety of choice. You might climb Arthur Seat by the shoulder or the peak, or you might round the curve of Salisbury Crags (the Queen's Drive was not yet made), and so find yourself, on the other side, on the quiet edge of Duddingston Loch and Village, beautiful themselves, and with miles of southern quietude and beauty beyond. The easiest amount of persistence from where you then were, by pleasant roads and past quaint villages, would take you to the celebrated loveliness of Roslin, and the fairy haunts of Hawthornden. Or, starting through one part of the Old Town, by way of the Meadows and Bruntsfield Links, you came, by Merchistoun Castle, to sunny Morningside, whence before you lay the Braid Hills and the great brown range of the larger Pentlands; and so, past the Braid Hills, till you did gain the Pentlands and were footing, out of ken of man, and with a climber's quickened breath, a wilderness of glorious moor. Or, choosing another

direction, and taking Dean Bridge over the great dell of the Water of Leith from the west end of the town, you might follow the wide Dean Road, with open views all the way, as far as Craighleith Quarry, where, down in a vast hole, the depth of which from its precipitous edges made you dizzy, you heard the clank of hammers on iron, and saw horses and carts moving, and, here and there, men blasting the freestone ; or, if you deviated from the main Dean Road into the quieter and narrow road parallel to it on the left, you might have a sweeter walk still by the lovely woods and house of Ravelston, sheltered inimitably in their exquisite nook, and might thence continue to turreted Craigerook, antique in its grounds of roses and evergreens, or lose yourself, above Craigerook, among the soft heights of the protecting Corstorphines. This last was from the first, and always remained, a favourite walk with me—sometimes, when its delicious peacefulness was new to me, inviting the companionship of a book. Of other excursions there were those northwards and Firthwards ; and, then, whether it was the broad road to Portobello and its somewhat blackish sands that you took, or the more country walk to Newhaven and the fine pure shore at Granton, you had here also enjoyment by the way, and you brought back recollections of spots where you had sat listening to the sea-roar, and watching the surges over rocks or shingle. There was one spot amid rocks, under a bank at Granton, where Tennyson's "Break, break, break," was never out of one's thoughts, and one hummed it till the changed fringe of the tide told that the day was waning.

In all towns or cities, be they what they like during the day, the nocturnal aspects are impressive. Night flings her mantle over the mean ; and, wherever, even on the flattest ground, there are piles of building, or objects in blocks, with gaps of intersection, she plays among these a poesy of her own in endless phantasies of dark and silver. But Edinburgh, by reason of her heights

and hollows, invests herself at night more wondrously than any city I have seen with this mystery of the vast terrestrial shadow struggling below with the lurid artifice of lamps, or star-pierced from above till it yields in azure. What a spectacle is that of the ordinary walk along Princes Street at night, when the windows in the Old Town are lit, and across the separating chasm there looms darkly, or is seen more clearly, the high, continuous cliff of gables, irregularly brilliant with points of radiance ! And, O ! the circuit of the Calton Hill at night ! As it is, you hardly meet a soul on the deserted heights, or only loose wretches prowling there for no good ; but well might it be the custom—and, if the clergy did their duty, they could make it such—that the hill at night should be sacred and guarded, and that every man, woman, and child in the city should once a week perform the nocturnal walk round it as an act of natural worship. It would be a stated culture of the religious sentiment, a local preservative against Atheism, by so simple a means as the teaching given to the eye by masses of darkness broken by arrays of lamps. I speak not of the retrospect of the glittering length of Princes Street and its adjacencies, fascinating though that be ; nor yet of the mightier spaces of gloom towards Holyrood and Arthur Seat, or eastwards and seawards ; I speak of that point in the circuit, the day-vision from which, to the left over the Firth, I have already described, and whence now, when the night is dark, and the maze of streets sheer beneath you and the declivities beyond these show their myriads of lights, you seem to be gazing down on no scene of earth at all, but on some reflected galaxy or firmament of illusion. Nor for something of this effect was it necessary always to take the walk round the Hill. There were points in the city itself in which, from the streets, or from the windows looking Firthwards, there was the same mystery of ranges and islets of light in distances of gloom. There was one characteristic evening sight in some parts of Edinburgh, which was a

spiritual metaphor in itself. It was the gleam, afar off on the Firth, of the light of Inchkeith, as it brightened, flashed, died away, and disappeared—disappeared till hope and watching brought it round again. This sight accompanied you in any nocturnal walk in not a few of the suburbs. And walks after dark by suburban roads for a mile or two out of the city were common enough for the young and restless. It was in one such walk near Edinburgh that I saw a ghost. We had gone out—a young clergyman and myself—by the Dean Road, as far as Craighleith Quarry, and had turned to come back. It might have been between eleven and twelve o'clock. The night was still and unusually dark, so that, for surer guidance, we kept in the middle of the road. Not a soul, so far as we knew, was astrid on the road for a mile in front of us, or for a mile behind us. Suddenly, in the road, due in front of us, a soft strange sound, as of "Huzzh," "Huzzh," and of an object moving. We both heard the sound, and, instinctively halting, peered into the darkness to discern the cause. All dark; nothing to be seen. A step or two cautiously forward; and again "Huzzh," "Huzzh," and—Heavens! what is that?—a glimmer of some low white object near before us on the road! As we halted, it seemed to halt; but, if we moved on a step, it also moved towards us, and still with the sound of "Huzzh," "Huzzh," as it approached. What could we do but manœuvre the thing for a moment or two, still facing it, whatever it might be? But at last, as it again moved and was within a few feet of us, we stepped aside to give it a wide berth. And now it was in the middle of the road and we a little to one side; from which position, getting by degrees closer and closer to it, we leant forward and struck at it simultaneously with our outstretched walking-sticks. We had it—one walking-stick had it—nay, fetched it up on its point for our bewildered inspection. It was a very large, thin, silk-paper bag, sent adrift on the road on purpose or by accident, slightly inflated, and blown along by

what breath of night-air there was, making the sound "Huzzh," "Huzzh," as it went.

Enough of the city itself, and its environs. Invest this city now with its historical associations, with the collective traditions of the life that had passed through it. In this respect, indeed, what North Briton, not insane with patriotism, would dare to compare Edinburgh with London? Through that vaster city, the metropolis from of old of a tenfold larger nation, there has passed, in its series of generations, a world of life, national and more than national, in comparison with which the sum-total of past existence represented in Edinburgh would be but as one of Scotland's narrow glens to a great and varied champaign, or as one of her mountain-torrents to the large flow of the Thames. But, partly from the very intensity and compactness of the little national story which Edinburgh was bound to transmit, partly from the fitter size and structure of the city for the task of such transmission, Edinburgh has certainly conserved her historical traditions more visibly and tenaciously than London has conserved hers. Londoners walk in their vast city, careless in the main of its associations with the past; and only professed antiquaries among them take pleasure in Stow's "Survey," and in the collections of parochial and local records which have swelled the original quarto edition of that work into the two huge folios. But in Edinburgh the mere aspect of things around one compels a constant sense of the antique, and cultivates in the mind of every resident native a definite habit of historical reminiscence. The moment you cross the ravine from Princes Street into the old town, you feel yourself—despite the havoc of recent demolitions and renovations—mentally back among the forms of things of that quaint, close-built Edinburgh of the sixteenth century within which, by marvellous power of packing, the population continued to accommodate itself not only through the whole of the seventeenth century, but also through two-thirds of the eighteenth.

Walking amid these forms of old—and especially in that main edified ridge of the High Street and Canongate, the plan of which is like nothing so much as the backbone of a fish, sending off numberless spines on either side, in the form of narrow alleys or closes—you can fetch memories from any century, indeed, back to the twelfth. It is at the two ends of the ridge, in the Castle and in Holyrood, that the most ancient traditions of all are clustered ; but equally in the Castle, in Holyrood, and in the whole connecting ridge there is perpetuated the period of Scottish History which began with the Stuarts. There, one after another, these sovereigns wrangled, in Court and in Parliament, with their unruly little retinue of nobles ; there, between rival aristocratic houses, were the feuds and street-frays which kept the citizens in terror ; there, where St. Giles's stands, and the house of John Knox projects into the street, was fought the final battle of the Scottish Reformation ; there, where they show you Rizzio's blood-stains and other less-doubted relics, were the scenes of Queen Mary's sorrows. Then, should your fancy bring you on through the reign of Mary's shambling son to that century when his dynasty was naturalized in England, what recollections of a new order crowd upon you, also suggested by the very names and shapes of the fabrics you behold ! You see the first national struggle for that Covenant the signing of which was begun in Greyfriars' Churchyard near ; you see the rivalry of Argyle and Montrose ; you see the dauntless Montrose carried up the street to his execution ; you see the forced restoration of Episcopacy ; you see the horrors of that subsequent time when Edinburgh was a place of trial and torture for the poor captive Covenanters, and the gibbet in the Grassmarket was the hideous centre of Scottish History. But after the storm comes a calm ; and, once the epoch of the Revolution is passed, the traditions of Edinburgh are of a quieter and more humorous kind. There was the popular fury, indeed, at the Union, when the negotiations for the

detested treaty had to be carried on in cellars and back-courts in the High Street which are still pointed out to you ; there was the great Porteous Riot, to which you can, in fancy, see the crowds swarming over again every time you are in the Lawnmarket ; and there was Prince Charlie's visit in 1745, with its brief flash of splendour and excitement. But, if Mr. Robert Chambers were to be your cicerone through the town, and were to limit the range of his legends to the nearer and less savage time, what he would chiefly bring before you, as he led you past close after close between the Castle-hill and Holyrood, and pointed out the old family-names inscribed over most of them, and descended one or two of them by way of more exact sample, would be that strangely-cozy life of the Edinburgh of the eighteenth century which surprised Colonel Mannering on his celebrated search for Councillor Pleydell. He would tell you, and with ample illustrations to all the senses at hand, of that state of Scottish society—not so far bygone but that there were people lately alive who remembered it—when the aristocracy, the judges, and other men of greatest mark in the land still had their houses in these closes, up their spiral stone-stairs, in their quaint oak-pannelled rooms, and in the same houses, in the upper or lower storeys, were crammed the families of shopkeepers, artisans, barbers, laundresses, and Highland cadies, and neighbours living in opposite houses in some courts could shake hands across the courts from their windows, and all went on merrily and hugger-mugger, and yet with the utmost ceremony and punctilio. Those were the days, he would tell you, when the ladies gave tea-parties and oyster-parties by turns, and all the men had their favourite taverns where they mostly lived and drank claret with each other, and the assemblies of the highest rank and fashion were held in rooms the access to which was incredible, and the fair Miss Eglintoun, afterwards Lady Wallace, used to be sent regularly to fill her mother's tea-kettle at the public fountain, and the future

Duchess of Gordon, then one of Lady Maxwell of Monreith's beautiful daughters, might be seen riding in the High Street, for girlish amusement, on Peter Ramsay's sow. All this, which Mr. Robert Chambers could relate to you in rich detail, you might make out in general for yourself by interpretation of the mere look of things, till, tired of the antiquities of the Old Town, you recrossed the ravine and returned to the New. The sight there of the Melville monument in St. Andrew's Square would suffice to flash on your mind the sole supplement that would then be necessary to complete your summary of Edinburgh History very nearly to the present time—to wit, the recollection of that period of the so-called Dundas Despotism, or of the government of Scotland by one able native family managing it by contract for the Tory English ministry, during which the Scotland of the eighteenth century rolled, comfortably enough, though tearing at her bonds, into the nineteenth. This period was not fairly ended till the epoch of the Reform Bill.

Out of the total mass of associations with the past life of a community one always selects with especial fondness those that constitute the items of its intellectual and literary history. In this class of traditions Edinburgh, it is needless to say, was sufficiently provided for even a pretty enthusiastic passion in such matters at the time when I became resident in it. Here, above all, it is true, one could not, by any exaggeration of patriotic prejudice—and North British capability in that respect is known not to be small—think of Edinburgh as much in comparison with that great London which one had not yet seen, but hoped perhaps one day to see. Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Locke, Pope—these, and numberless literary contemporaries of these, in a splendid and well-known succession of clusters, had been among the Londoners of their generations, some by birth and others by naturalization. Of such Englishmen as these, therefore, was London able to take account in

any collection she might make of her miscellaneous traditions from times prior to the eighteenth century; whereas, if Edinburgh set herself to reckon up the men whom she could claim as the Scottish coevals and equivalents of these, what sort of list could she make out with all her pains, and even with all the rest of Scotland aiding her with stray additions? But, *quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a*; and so one had a satisfaction in clutching out of the rugged old literature of Scotland, whether Latin or vernacular, during the ages when these Londoners had lived, any name or fact that one could connect with Edinburgh. That David Lyndsay could be thought of as having been the satirist and wit of the Court of Holyrood, that George Buchanan had died in a court off the High Street, that Knox had been a historian as well as a reformer, and that at Hawthornden there had lived a poet whom even Ben Jonson liked and had come to see, were facts of some consequence. But it was a relief when, passing the time of Allan Ramsay as that of the introduction of the modern British Muses into Edinburgh, in lieu of the more uncouth or quaint native Muses who had been chiefly in possession before the Union, one could see these new Muses fairly taking up their residence in the city, and initiating that North British Literature which has been continued without a break to our own days, and the importance of which in relation to the similar contemporary activity of all the rest of Britain has certainly not been inconsiderable. Of this modern North British Literature, feebly begun while Addison and Pope were alive, and continued with increased force and volume through the reigns of the three last Georges, Edinburgh had been the undoubted capital; and reminiscences of the celebrities of this Literature formed, accordingly, part of the pleasure of life in Edinburgh. David Hume, Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo, Dr. Hugh Blair, the historian Robertson, that Home "whose name is Norval," Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Tytler of Wood-

houselee, Lord Hailes, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Henry Mackenzie—of these, and of such less purely literary contemporaries of theirs as the physician Cullen and the chemist Black, one could think as the group of intellectual men resident in Edinburgh and giving brilliance to its society during the latter half of the eighteenth century. One could see the houses where they had lived, whether in the Old Town, or in the New Town ; one could make out, with wonderful exactness, from "Kay's Portraits," or otherwise, their physiognomies, their costumes, their entire figure and look among their fellow-citizens ; one could imagine the very circumstances of their lives, and associate particular anecdotes of them with the spots to which they referred. Nay, of celebrated visits paid to Edinburgh in the time of this cluster of its lights by men who did not belong to the cluster—of Smollett's last visit in 1766 ; of Dr. Johnson's in 1773, when Bozzy was at his wit's end with glee, and led him about as *Ursa Major* ; of Burns's visits and temporary residences in 1786-7 and 1787-8—the records were graphically fresh. And so when, leaving the eighteenth century altogether, and accompanying such survivors of its cluster as Home, Adam Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, and Henry Mackenzie into the sequel of their lives in the nineteenth, one surrounded these with the men more peculiarly distinctive of that new generation in Edinburgh—Playfair, Leslie, Scott, Jeffrey, Horner, young Brougham, John Allen, Thomas Brown, Thomas Campbell for a time, and others and still others whom these names will suggest. Of this cluster, too, the recollections were vivid around one, in the streets where they had walked, and the houses in which they had been born or had lived. Did you think, for example, of that important evening in the year 1802 when a few ardent young Whig lawyers, with the witty Englishman Sydney Smith among them, conceived the notion of starting the *Edinburgh Review*—you had but to go to Buccleugh Place to see the very domicile, then inhabited by Jeffrey,

which had been made historical by that transaction. But, above all, of course, in every step you took in Edinburgh—in the Old Town or in the New Town, in the heart of its streets or anywhere in its suburbs—you saw the city of Sir Walter Scott. He was the true *genius loci*, the one all-prevailing presence. And no wonder ! Of him, chiefly of all her recent sons, would Edinburgh have been bound to cherish the recollection, if only on account of the superior magnitude and the peculiarly rich and popular cast of his genius. But consider what had been the nature of the lifelong work of this genius, and how much of that element of *amor patriæ* in it, which had expatiated indiscriminately over all Scotland, and made every region and district of the little map famous, had shown itself in the concentrated form of an *amor suæ civitatis*, passionate for Edinburgh in particular, studious of every feature of its scenery, and of every scrap of its legends, and so intertwining and adorning these by the wealth of its own fictitious fancies that the reality could no longer be seen for the ivy-like overgrowth, and the only Edinburgh that remained in the world was the Edinburgh of Sir Walter Scott. For Burns, Edinburgh had been "*Scotia's darling seat* ;" for Sir Walter, it had been "*mine own romantic town*." Even while he lived the fond claim had been ratified, and the people of Edinburgh had identified the fame of their city with strangers, and even its romance to themselves, with the tall well-known figure they could see any day issuing from the house in Castle Street, or limping good-humouredly along Princes Street on its way eastward.

At the time of my first acquaintance with Edinburgh, Scott had been seven years dead. The adoring recollection of him that remained was taking the form of the monument to him that now stands so fitly in the heart of the city. The Edinburgh which I came to know was, accordingly, the Edinburgh of a generation later than his. It contained, indeed, many of his junior contemporaries, and some even of his intimate

seniors, who had outlived him; but in the main it was occupied with new interests, and found its representatives in a group of celebrities only one or two of whom had culminated along with Scott. Hazel-eyed little Jeffrey was still alive, verging on his seventieth year, and to be seen either in his Judge's place in the Parliament House, where he had a sharp way of interrupting the barristers and keeping them to the point; or else going to his town-house in Moray Place, or (as on the second time of my seeing him) walking into town from his country-mansion of Craigcrook, by the quiet narrow road leading past Ravelston. Dr. Chalmers—of almost perfected national fame even while Scott was alive, the types being so different—was in his sixtieth year, living at No. 7, Inverleith Row. Sweeping through George Street, on his way to Blackwood's shop, with his long yellow hair streaming from underneath his wide-rimmed hat, might be seen the magnificent figure of Christopher North, suggesting reminiscences of a wildly-irregular sort of literature which Edinburgh had been giving to the world for the last twenty years, in supplement both to the fictions of Scott and to the persevering criticism of the Whig Review. Or, going through Great King Street, late at night, and passing one particular house there, you might know that within that house there was sitting at that moment among his books a man of powerful head and frame, in the mature prime of fifty, who, when you and the rest of the city were asleep, would still be sitting there with his library-lamp burning, outwatching the Bear with thrice-great Hermes, and unsphering the soul of Aristotle. This was that Sir William Hamilton of whom there had been long so select a fame, and of whom the world was to hear more and more. Of these four, then, you were sure to have daily accounts, as of the city's ascertained chiefs. But in the community, of some 150,000 souls or thereabouts, amid which these four moved—a community exactly of that size in which, consistently with the

freest individual development, there may be the pleasantest sociability, and every one may know every one else worth knowing—there was a mixture of various elements, which afforded to all tastes a choice of other and still other notabilities. Take the profession of the law—always the leading profession in Edinburgh society, and the daily representation of which in term-time in the peripatetic assembly of wigged and gowned barristers, and their attendant writers, in the outer hall of the Parliament House, was and is one of the most striking sights of the town. In this profession there were at that time not only veteran humourists, like Lord Cockburn, and that Falstaff of Edinburgh, the monstrous Peter Robertson, but many seniors of graver intellectual habits, and not a few younger men rising into forensic or literary distinction. Again, take the Church. For the gratification of that kind of interest in the Church which depends on the evidence of intellect astir within it, the time was peculiarly fortunate. Not only were there, as usual, all the Edinburgh pulpits among which on Sundays to choose what preacher to hear out of some half-a-dozen of deserved note for different styles of faculty; but the clerical mind was in preternatural commotion out of the pulpit all the week long, and was grappling all around it into sympathetic commotion. The Non-Intrusion Controversy was at its height; the Auchterarder case, the Strathbogie case, and other similar cases, were in all men's mouths; over all Scotland there was a rage of ecclesiastico-political discussion, exercising men's minds in a really extraordinary manner, and filling the air with new phrases and generalizations. But Edinburgh, of course, was the focus of this discussion; and it was there, accordingly, that the meetings were most frequent, that the pamphlets and caricatures were most abundant, and that a Candlish and a Cunningham came forth to lead the clergy. In the profession of medicine, headed perhaps by Dr. Abercromby, there were not a few others maintaining the old reputation of the

Edinburgh school. Then, as a common ground for all the professions, and a centre for all the intellectual interests of the place, there was the noble University, with its large staff of Professors (Chalmers, Wilson, and Hamilton among them), and its crowded lecture-rooms and other means of culture. For education preparatory to the University there were the two great classical lyceums, the High School and the New Academy, besides numberless other schools, general or special, in all parts of the town. The great number of these schools typified to one the fact, otherwise obvious enough, that next to the businesses of the professions, the business of education was in the ascendant. For the spectacle of manufactures and commerce in their extreme modern dimensions, and of the wealth and the passion for wealth accompanying them, one had to go to other towns, and principally to Glasgow. Of such moderate commerce and industry of various kinds, however, as Edinburgh did require and accommodate, there were competent representatives, who, besides having in their hands, as is usual, most of the civic administration of affairs, mingled freely with the more characteristic professional classes, and formed with them, and with the miscellaneous ingredients which can be supposed existing in such a community in smaller proportions—retired Army and Navy officers of Scottish birth, a little body of Scottish artists, some native newspaper-editors, and a sufficient succession of English residents, and sprinkling of foreigners—the so-called “society” of the place. The “society” of the place! Ah! yes, in what that term always implies so largely and tenderly, wherever it is used, neither was Edinburgh, Cupid knows, at all deficient. ‘Ware your hearts, young men!

“Not in her clearest sky-vault sparkle so many star-points,
Brilliant attending crowd, circling Endymion’s queen,
No, as of maidens she had, full fair and lovely to look on,
Glittering every day all through the midst of her streets.”

And what though, in the thousand careful homes to which the fair glitterers returned from their walks, and some of which you might be privileged to enter, there might be detected more or less of the South-Scottish accent. There are soft low voices, to which the least little touch of that accent gives the daintiest effect imaginable.

“When *they* do softly speak or gaily sing,
So as might move the hard wood from the hills,
Let each one guard his hearing and his seeing
Whom any sense of his own vileness fills;
May heavenly grace its high deliverance bring
Ere passion’s pain grow veteran in his being!”

* * * *

In this description of Edinburgh, as the second of my “three cities” in these papers, I have anticipated so far as to try to figure the whole as it shaped itself to me by degrees. But, at the time of which I speak, I was but on the outer verge of the little world which I was to come to know so well. Of its many attractions there were certainly several, of an entirely general nature, of which I had formed a preliminary notion, and which had influenced me in coming. But, as I have said, my special and immediate fascination thither had been Dr. Chalmers. Accordingly, one of the first walks I took was to Inverleith Row, for the purpose of delivering to him, at his house there, a letter of introduction with which I had been favoured. The purpose of the walk was frustrated; for, on crossing an angular old bridge (renovated and levelled since then) which crossed the Water of Leith and led through Howard Place to Inverleith Row, there, advancing to me from the opposite direction, right in the middle of the quiet road, was the well-known figure of the ‘Doctor himself, out on some leisurely walk for the day, and looking blandly and benignantly round him. So leisurely was his walk and so bland and benignant his look that, if I had delivered the introduction then and there in the open road, I daresay the procedure would not have been so

much amiss. As it was, however, I took the good close look at his form and face which our relative positions for the first time allowed, and, passing him, and knowing the call at his house to be now useless, continued my walk for its own sake. My real acquaintance with Chalmers soon came about, more naturally than by any formal introduction, through inevitable intercourse with him within the walls of the University. It began at the close of 1839 and lasted, in the University and out of it, till his death in May, 1847. During these last seven years and a half of his life, or from his sixtieth to his sixty-seventh year—but more especially during the first three

years of that period, when my opportunities of seeing him were, through circumstances, most frequent—I knew him so well that I think there is no one now living, out of his own family, that knew him better. And, as for the strength of the feeling with which his memory is cherished, of that I will not speak.

“The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a’ that thou hast done for me.”

HAS ENGLAND AN INTEREST IN THE DISRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION?

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE struggle which is going on in America, whatever may be the rights of the question and the merits of the parties, is so important in a moral, political, and social point of view—the issues which it involves are so vital to the grandest interests of humanity—that we should not show greatness of mind by choosing our side in it on merely diplomatic grounds. This, however, we have done at least to some extent. The chairman of a meeting of the Southern Independence Association said the other day, that one of the great objects of the Association was the “disruption of the Union,” and that this object was sought not only in the interest of the American Continent (to which it was assumed a “balance of power” would be a great blessing), but “in the interest of our own dear country.” This supposed interest of our own dear country has, it may safely be said, been at the bottom of a good deal of our professedly disinterested admiration of the Confederates and condemnation of the Federals; and it alone gives any meaning to the epithets of *un-English* and *unpatriotic* which are

constantly applied to those who, on grounds connected with the general interests of humanity, have taken the side of the North. It is assumed that the restoration of the Union, with a prospect of unlimited extension, must produce a military power formidable to the security of all other nations; and that it is therefore essential to us, as the possessors of Canada and the West Indies, and as being liable to be brought into collision with the Americans by those possessions, that the Union should be broken up into a number of independent and (as far as may be) hostile States. This, we say, is assumed, and upon the strength of the assumption we have said and done things which might make the Americans our enemies, even if they had no natural tendency to be so. We have, moreover, placed ourselves in an attitude of fear, which rather provokes the other party, if he has anything of a disposition to bluster in his character, to place himself in an attitude of attack. We have also been on the point of being drawn into very sinister and unnatural alliances against

a people who, after all, are our kinsmen, and whose increasing and expanding myriads are destined to spread our language, our intellectual empire, and the essential parts of our political institutions over a continent to which the mother-country is but a speck. It is worth while at least to examine carefully the grounds of this assumption, and to see that it accords with the reason of the case and with the experience of history.

Now, of course it cannot be denied that in an immense nation, one in blood and united in interest, in full physical vigour, abounding in wealth, and commanding the resources of a vast territory, great military power must reside. We have the proof of this before our eyes, and probably shall experience it in a still more practical way if we give ourselves over to the guidance of the Southern Independence Association. But the mere existence of such power, in a dormant state, is no source of danger to the world, unless there are causes to call it into action and to incite the people possessing it to war. The great bulk of some graminivorous animals, though accompanied by great muscular strength, and great ferocity when they are provoked, does not make us look upon them, or guard against them, as beasts of prey.

In the hunter and nomad state man is generally a warrior; but in the settled and civilized state he is a warrior only under certain conditions. A conquering race, ruling over serfs, by whose labour they are supported, and having no intellectual occupation, preserve their love of war as well as of the chase—if they are heathens, till their physical energy is overcome by sensuality—if they become Christians, till moral influences subdue the animal passions, and dispose the barbarian to a gentler way of life. This was the case with the Persian and Assyrian hordes, with the Moguls and the Turks. A nation of slave-holders, such as the Spartans, without intellectual tastes and despising labour as the lot of the slave, is nearly the same thing in this respect as a conquering horde. At

Athens the mind of the dominant race was diverted from war by intellectual tastes, with which, nevertheless, the slave-owner's warlike propensity struggled hard for the predominance. In the feudal ages, the noble—unlettered, without political interests, and supported in proud idleness by the labour of his serfs—was compelled to give vent in war to all the superfluous energy of which he could not relieve himself in the chase: and this he continued to do till Christianity had softened his character. His settled ownership of land, however, like the settled habitations of the Spartan and Athenian, tethered him as it were, and rendered the range of his conquests very narrow as compared with those of nomad hordes, except in the peculiar case of the Crusades, when religious enthusiasm bore him away to a more distant scene of combat. In certain cases the military character of a settled and civilized nation has been kept up, or rather, perhaps, a nation has been prevented from becoming really settled and civilized by exceptional circumstances. The border wars with England made the Scotch a military nation down to the union of the Crowns. The religious disturbances and the struggle against Anglican persecution prolonged this state of things, especially among the Western peasantry, half a century more. The natural influences of settled homes and peaceful industry then began to make themselves fully felt; and in 1745, so entirely had the warlike spirit of the followers of Douglas and Leslie departed from its ancient seat, that the whole of the Lowlands, after an abortive attempt to raise a volunteer force—the warriors of which slunk away at the first approach of the enemy—fell flat before a few clans of despised savages from the Highlands, and was rescued, after a time, only by the assistance of regular troops from England.

If a settled and civilized nation, devoted to peaceful industry, undertakes foreign wars, it must be with a standing army. Without a standing army no power of modern Europe has ever entered into a foreign war; while the

existence of great standing armies, ready to the hand of an ambitious sovereign and wanting employment, has, in itself, been the direct cause of many—perhaps of most—wars of modern times. The large and highly-trained standing army bequeathed by Frederic William of Prussia to Frederic the Great, offering an instrument for the youthful ambition of the heir, was the direct cause of a great series of wars. Of the standing army possessed by the French monarchy, and which had its origin in the struggle against the English invaders of France, the same thing may be said with still greater force; and there can be no doubt that the existence of this army, without employment and full of exciting traditions of foreign conquest, is still the great danger of Europe; a danger partly averted from us by Algerian wars and Mexican expeditions, but against which all the statesmen of Europe ought to make it their special duty to guard. The Romans, in like manner, when they passed from little summer wars round Rome to foreign conquest—even the conquest of Etruria—were compelled to resort to the system of paid standing armies, with which their empire was won and held.

Now, the American Republic, while at peace within itself, showed no disposition whatever to keep up a standing army; and the extension of its territory, down to the outbreak of this civil war, though vast and rapid, made no difference in this respect. The fashion of the Old World, by which it is in all things a good deal affected, and the presence of a British army in Canada, prevailed with it so far as to make it maintain a few thousands of regular soldiers, for whom, in truth, there was real employment in the protection of settlers against the Indians. The subsidence of the old revolutionary struggle left the Americans, the commencement of the present revolutionary struggle found them—in the Free States, at least—a perfectly unwarlike nation; so unwarlike that their first attempts in war excited among us a ridicule which is strangely at variance with our half-disguised fears. The fact is,

the conditions under which a nation will consent to sacrifice an enormous proportion of the fruits of its industry, and to imperil, or rather to forfeit (as all the great military nations of Europe have forfeited), its political liberties in order to maintain a powerful standing army, have, in their case, been hitherto entirely wanting. They have had no frontiers to defend, no neighbouring nations—their rivals and possible enemies—against whose hostilities or intrigues it was necessary to guard. England is “a nation without frontiers,” being surrounded by the sea; and, therefore, she has kept up a much smaller standing army in proportion to her size (especially when we reckon the dependencies) than other European nations, and has, partly in consequence of this, preserved her political liberties better than the rest; but having rival nations close at hand, and being entangled in their quarrels, she has been obliged to keep up a standing army to a certain amount.

By breaking up the Union and dividing Central America into rival and hostile nations, we should, in all probability, generate the very conditions under which alone (judging from the precedents of history) a settled and civilized nation, devoted to peaceful industry and the acquisition of wealth, is likely to become a military power dangerous to its neighbours. We shall force each section of the hitherto united, and therefore peaceful, continent to keep up a standing army, which, like the military powers of Europe, they will be always prone to employ. At present, even a struggle for the existence of the nation with difficulty, as we see, draws the people from their farms and stores.

In the absence of such occasion for a standing army as we are trying to give them, there is little fear lest the Americans should maintain one out of mere military vanity and in pure waste. There is little fear of this, at least, so long as they retain their present republican constitution, which, again, a certain class among us are very anxious, in the political interest of this country, to see overthrown. To be made to keep up a

great standing army in pure waste, or for purposes of senseless ambition, a nation must be under the dominion of a king or an oligarchy empowered to take the money of the tax-payers without their consent—such as the kings who ruined France in playing their game of war, or the oligarchy which, reigning in England through the rotten boroughs, dragged us, for its own interests, into the struggle against the French Revolution. The Prussian Chamber would reduce its standing army were it not prevented by the King and the nobility who support him. The Provisional Government of France showed, during its short tenure, a disposition to reduce military expenditure, which would alone have been enough to entitle it to our sympathy and regret. The representatives of the great towns—that is, of the democratic element in our Parliament—incline the same way. Switzerland is almost without a standing army, though, being encircled by military powers of an aggressive disposition, she is obliged to keep up a highly-trained militia. The republics of antiquity, to which allusion is often made as examples of republican aggressiveness, were not, like the American commonwealth, industrial communities with universal suffrage, but dominant races spurning peaceful industry and supported by slaves. Rome, indeed, even as regarded the dominant race, was no more a republic than Venice; she was an aristocracy conquering the world with a standing army raised by conscription. A really republican government, in truth, is almost devoid of the motives for keeping up a large army, as well as of the power to do it. It has no dynastic objects to promote. If it conquers, it will not, like the Roman aristocracy, engross the plunder. It rests on the convictions and the free allegiance of the people, and has no

need, like the European despots, of military force to prolong the existence of the obsolete and noxious form of government by a person among nations ripe for rational allegiance to the law.

The saying that the Americans are "fighting for empire" on the present occasion, is one of those careless misrepresentations which become mischievous when uttered by statesmen. They are fighting only, as any people not reduced by luxury or shop-keeping to the condition of sheep would struggle, for the preservation of their unity as a nation. Whatever desire of territorial aggrandisement may reside in them will find ample vent in the illimitable West, and all the restless enterprise of the more unsettled members of the community, who might otherwise wish to follow the drum, will naturally expend itself in the same direction. It will do so, at least, unless an independent nation is interposed between the populous states of the East and the waste lands of the West; for then the vent might be stopped, and the explosive force (if any) would burst forth in some other direction.

On the other hand a slave power, judging from the historical precedents at which we have glanced, is likely to be warlike. The South, if made independent, would commence its career as a nation with a great number of disbanded soldiers—men, before they were drawn into the army, of loose habits, admirably trained to war, and trained to nothing else. The visions of a vast slave empire in the West cherished by these men are at an end. Thus much at least the Federals have gained for themselves and for humanity in the war. Mexico appears also to be cut off. Cuba, long coveted, and the West Indies with their negro inhabitants remain.

JAÿ APASS'D.

A DORSETSHIRE POEM.

BY WILLIAM BARNES.

When leaves, in evenèn winds, do vlee,
 Where mornèn air did strip the tree,
 The mind can wait vor boughs in spring
 To cool the elem-sheàdèd ring.
 Where orcha'd blooth's white sceàles do vall
 Mid come the apple's blushèn ball.
 Our hopes be new, as time do goo,
 A-measur'd by the zun on high,
 Avore our jaÿs do pass us by.

When ice did melt below the zun,
 An' weàves along the stream did run,
 I hoped in May's bright froth to roll,
 Lik' jess'my in a lily's bowl.
 Or, if I lost my loosebow'd swing,
 My wrigglen kite mid pull my string
 An' when noo ball did rise an' vall,
 Zome other geàme wud still be nigh,
 Avore my jaÿs all pass'd me by.

I look'd, as childhood pass'd along,
 To walk, in leàter years, man-strong,
 An' look'd ageän, in manhood's pride,
 To manhood's sweetest chaice, a bride:
 An' then to childern, that mid come
 To meàke my house a dearer hwome.
 But now my mind do look behind
 Vor jaÿs; an' wonder, wi' a sigh,
 When 'twèr my jaÿs all pass'd me by.

Wer it when, woonce, I miss'd a call
 To rise, an' seem'd to have a vall?
 Or when my Jeàne to my hands left
 Her vew bright keys, a dolevul heft?
 Or when avore the door I stood,
 To watch a child agone vor good?
 Or where zome crowd did laugh aloud;
 Or when the leaves did spring, or die?
 When did my jaÿ all pass me by?

A SON OF THE SOIL

PART VI.

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY Frankland's return made a great difference to the tutor, between whom and the heir of the house there existed that vague sense of jealousy and rivalry which was embittered on the part of young Frankland by a certain consciousness of obligation. He was a good-natured fellow enough, and above the meanness of treating unkindly anybody who was in a dependent position; but the circumstances were awkward, and he did not know how to comport himself towards the stranger. "The fellow looks like a gentleman," he said privately in confidence to his mother; "if I had never seen him before we might have got on, you know; but it's a horrible nuisance to feel that you're obliged to a fellow in that kind of position—neither your equal, you know, nor your inferior, nor— What on earth induced the governor to have him here? If it hadn't been for these cheap Scotch universities and stuff, he'd have been a ploughman that one could have given ten pounds to and been done with him. It's a confounded nuisance having him here."

"Hush, Harry," said Lady Frankland. "He is very nice and very gentlemanly, I think. He used to be very amusing before you came home. Papa, you know, is not entertaining after dinner; and really Mr. Campbell was quite an acquisition, especially to Matty, who can't live without a slave," said the lady of the house, with an indulgent, matronly smile.

"Oh, confound it, why did the governor have him here?" cried the discontented heir. "As for Matty, it appears to me she had better begin to think of doing without slaves," he said moodily, with a cloud on his face; a speech which made his mother look

up with a quick movement of anxiety, though she still smiled.

"I can't make out either you or Matty," said Lady Frankland. "I wish you would be either off or on. With such an appearance of indifference as you show to each other usually—"

"Oh, indifference, by Jove!" said Harry, breaking in upon his mother's words; and the young man gave a short whistle, and, jumping up abruptly, went off without waiting for any conclusion. Lady Frankland was not in the habit of disturbing herself about things in general. She looked after her son with a serious look, which, however, lasted but a moment. She returned immediately to her placidity and her needlework. "I daresay it will come all right," she said to herself, with serene philosophy, which perhaps accounted for the absence of wrinkles in her comely, middle-aged countenance. Harry, on the contrary, went off in anything but a serene state of mind. It was a foggy day, and the clouds lay very low and heavy over the fen-country, where there was nothing to relieve the dulness of nature. And it was afternoon—the very time of the day when all hopes and attempts at cheering up are over—and dinner was still too far off to throw its genial glow upon the dusky house. There had been nothing going on for a day or two at Wodensbourne. Harry was before his time, and the expected guests had not yet arrived, and the weather was as troublesome and hindersome of every kind of recreation as weather could possibly be. Young Frankland went out in a little fit of impatience, and was met at the hall-door by a mouthful of dense white steaming air, through which even the jovial trees of holly, all glowing with Christmas berries, loomed like two prickly ghosts. He uttered an exclamation of disgust as he stood on

the broad stone steps, not quite sure what to do with himself—whether to face the chill misery of the air outside, or to hunt up Matty and Charley, and betake himself to the billiard-room within. But then the tutor—confound the fellow! Just at this moment Harry Frankland heard a laugh, a provoking little peal of silver bells. He had an odd sort of affection—half love, half dislike—for his cousin. But of all Matty's charms, there was none which so tantalized and bewitched him as this laugh, which was generally acknowledged to be charming. "Much there is to laugh about, by Jove!" he muttered to himself, with an angry flush; but he grew grimly furious when he heard her voice.

"You won't give in," said Matty; "the Scotch never will, I know; you are all so dreadfully argumentative and quarrelsome. But you are beaten, though you won't acknowledge it; you know you are. I like talking to you," continued the little witch, dropping her voice a little, "because—hush! I thought I heard some one calling me from the house."

"Because why?" said Colin. They were a good way off, behind one of those great holly-trees; but young Frankland, with his quickened ears, discerned in an instant the softness, the tender admiration, the music of the tutor's voice. "By Jove!" said the heir to himself; and then he shouted out, "Matty, look here! come here!" in tones as different from those of Colin as discord is from harmony. It did not occur to him that Miss Matty's ear, being perfectly cool and unexcited, was quite able to discriminate between the two voices which thus claimed her regard.

"What do you want?" said Matty. "Don't stand there in the fog like a ghost; if you have anything to say, come here. I am taking my constitutional; one's first duty is the care of one's health," said the wicked little creature, with her ring of laughter; and she turned back again under his very eyes along the terrace without looking at him again. As for Harry Frank-

land, the words which escaped from his excited lips were not adapted for publication. If he had been a little less angry he would have joined them, and so made an end of the tutor; but, being furious, and not understanding anything about it, he burst for a moment into profane language, and then went off to the stables, where all the people had a bad time of it until the dressing-bell rang.

"What a savage he is," said Matty, confidentially. "That is the bore of cousins; they can't bear to see one happy, and yet they won't take the trouble of making themselves agreeable. How nice it used to be down at Kilchurn *that* summer—you remember? And what quantities of poetry you used to write. I suppose Wodensbourne is not congenial to poetry? You have never shown me anything since you came here."

"Poetry is only for one's youth," said Colin; "that is, if you dignify my verses with the name—for one's extreme youth, when one believes in everything that is impossible; and for Kilchurn, and the Lady's Glen, and the Holy Loch," said the youth, after a pause, with a fervour which disconcerted Matty. "*That* summer was not summer, but a bit of paradise—and life is real at Wodensbourne."

"I wish you would not speak in riddles," said Miss Matty, who was in the humour to have a little more of this inferred worship. "I should have thought life was a great deal more real at Ramore than here. Here we have luxuries and things—and—and—and books and—" She meant to have implied that the homely life was hard, and to have delicately intimated to Colin the advantage of living under the roof of Sir Thomas Frankland; but, catching his eye at the outset of her sentence, Matty had suddenly perceived her mistake, and broke down in a way most unusual to her. As she floundered, the young man looked at her with a full unhesitating gaze, and an incompressible smile.

"Pardon me," he said—he had scarcely

ever attempted before to take the superiority out of her hands, little trifler and fine lady as she was—he had been quite content to lay himself down in the dust and suffer her to march over him in airy triumph. But, while she was only a little tricky coquette, taking from his imagination all her higher charms, Colin was a true man, a man full of young genius, and faculties a world beyond anything known to Matty; and, when he was roused for the moment, it was so easy for him to confound her paltry pretensions. "Pardon me," he said, with the smile which piqued her, which she did not understand; "I think you mistake. At Ramore I was a poor farmer's son, but we had other things to think of than the difference between wealth and poverty. At Ramore we think nothing impossible; but here—" said Colin, looking round him with a mixture of contempt and admiration, which Matty could not comprehend. "That, you perceive, was the age of poetry, the age of romance, the golden age," said the young man, with a smile. "The true knight required nothing but his sword, and was more than a match for all kinds of ugly kings and wicked enchanters; but Wodensbourne is prose, hard prose—fine English if you like, and much to be applauded for its style." The tutor ran on, delivering himself up to his fancy. "Not Miltonian, to be sure; more like Macaulay—fine vigorous English, not destitute of appropriate ornament, but still prose, plain prose, Miss Frankland—only prose!"

"It appears to me that you are cross, Mr. Campbell," said Matty, with a little spite; for her young vassal showed signs of enfranchisement when he called her by her name. "You like your rainy loch better than anything else in the world; and you are sorry," said the syren, dropping her voice, "you are even so unkind as to be sorry that you have come here?"

"Sometimes, yes," said Colin, suddenly clouding over. "It is true."

"*Sempre sì*," said Matty; "though you cannot deny that we freed you from the delightful duty of listening to Sir

Thomas after dinner," she went on, with a laugh. "Dear old uncle, why does he snore? So you are really sorry you came? I do so wish you would tell me why. Wodensbourne, at least, is better than Ardmartin," said Miss Matty, with a look of pique. She was rather relieved and yet horribly disappointed at the thought that Colin might perhaps be coming to his senses, in so far as she herself was concerned. It would save him a good deal of embarrassment, it was true, but she was intent upon preventing it all the same.

"I will tell you why I am sorry, if you will tell me why I ought to be glad," said Colin, who was wise enough, for once, to see that he had the best of the argument.

"Oh, I don't know," said Matty; "if you don't see yourself—if you don't care about the advantages—if you don't mind living in the same—I mean, if you don't see the good—"

"I don't see any good," said Colin, with suppressed passion, "except one which, if I stated it plainly, you would not permit me to claim. I see no advantages that I can venture to put in words. On the other hand, Wodensbourne has taught me a great deal. This fine perspicuous English prose points an argument a great deal better than all the Highland rhymings in existence," said the young man, bitterly; "I'll give you a professional example, as I'm a tutor. At the Holy Loch we conjugate all our verbs affirmatively, interrogatively. Charley and I are getting them up in the negative form here, and it's hard work," said Charley's tutor. He broke off with a laugh which sounded strange and harsh, an unusual effect, in his companion's ear.

"Affirmatively? Interrogatively?" said Miss Matty, with a pretty puzzled look; "I hate long words. How do you suppose I can know what you mean? It is such a long time since I learnt my verbs—and then one always hated them so. Look here, what a lovely holly-leaf! *Il m'aime, il ne m'aime pas?*" said Miss Matty, pricking her fingers on the verdant spikes and casting a glance at

Colin. When their eyes met they both laughed, and blushed a little in their several ways—that is to say, Miss Matty's swart complexion grew a little, a very little, brighter for one moment, or Colin at least thought it did, whereas the blood flushed all over his face, and went dancing back like so many streams of new life and joy to exhilarate his foolish youthful heart.

"By the bye, I wonder if that foolish Harry came from my aunt; perhaps she wants me," said Miss Matty, who had gone as far as she meant to go. "Besides, the fog gets heavier; though, to be sure, I have seen it twenty times worse at Kilchurn. Perhaps it is the fog and the rain that makes it poetical there? I prefer reality, if that means a little sunshine, or even the fire in my lady's dressing-room," she cried, with a shiver. "Go indoors and write me some pretty verses: it is the only thing you can do after being such a savage. *Au revoir*—there are no half-partings in English, and it's so ridiculous to say good-bye for an hour or two," said Miss Matty. She made him a little mock curtsy as she went away, to which, out of the fulness of her grace, the little witch added a smile and a pretty wave of her hand as she disappeared round the corner of the great holly, which were meant to leave Colin in a state of ecstasy. He stayed on the foggy terrace a long time after she had left him, but the young man's thoughts were not ecstatic. So long as she was present, so long as the strongest spell of natural magic occupied his eyes in watching and his ears in listening to her, he was still carried along and kept up by the witchery of young love. But in the intervals when her presence was withdrawn, matters grew to be rather serious with Colin. He was not like a love-sick girl, able to exist upon these occasional sweetnesses; he was a man, and required something more to satisfy his mind than the tantalizing enchantments and disappointments of this intercourse, which was fascinating enough in its way, but had no substance or reality in it. He had spoken truly—it had been entire

romance, sweet as a morning dream at the Holy Loch. There the two young creatures, wandering by the glens and streams, were the ideal youth and maiden entering upon their natural inheritance of beauty and love and mutual admiration; and at homely Ramore, where the world to which Matty belonged was utterly unknown, it was not difficult either for Colin himself, or for those around him, to believe that—with his endowments, his talents, and genius—he could do anything, or win any woman. Wodensbourne was a most sobering, disenchanting reality after this wonderful delusion. The Franklands were all so kind to the young tutor, and their sense of obligation towards him made his position so much better than any other tutor's of his pretensions could have been, that the lesson came with all the more overwhelming force upon his awakening faculties. The morning and its dreams were gliding away—or, at least, Colin thought so; and this clear daylight, which began to come in, dissipating all the magical effects of sunshine and mist and dew, had to be faced as he best could. He was not a young prince, independent of ordinary requirements; he was truly a poor man's son, and possessed by an ideal of life and labour such as has inspired many a young Scotchman. He wanted not only to get on in the world, to acquire an income and marry Matty, but also to be good for something in his generation. If the course of true love had been quite smooth with him, if Matty had been his natural mate, Colin could not have contented himself with that personal felicity. He was doubtful of all his surroundings, like most young men of his period—doubtful what to do and how to do it—more than doubtful of all the local ways and fashions of the profession to which he had been trained. But underneath this uncertainty lay something of which Colin had no doubt. He had not been brought into the world without an object; he did not mean to leave it without leaving some mark that he had been here. To get through life easily

and secure as much pleasure as possible by the way was not the theory of existence known at Ramore. *There* it was understood to be a man's, a son's duty to better his position, to make his way upwards in the world; and this philosophy of life had been enlarged and elevated in the poetic soul of Colin's mother. He had something to do in his own country, in his own generation. That was the master-idea of the young man's mind. How it was to be reconciled with this aimless, dependent life in the rich English household—with this rivalry, which could never come to anything, with Sir Thomas Frankland's heir—with this vain love, which, it began to be apparent to Colin, must, like the rivalry, end in nothing—it was hard to see. He remained on the terrace for about an hour, walking up and down in the fog. All that he could see before him were some indistinct outlines of trees, looking black through the steaming white air, and, behind, the great ghost of the house, with its long front and wings receding into the mist—the great, wealthy, stranger house, to which he and his life had so little relationship. Many were the thoughts in Colin's mind during this hour; and they were far from satisfactory. Even the object of his love began to be clouded over with fogs, which looked very different, breathing over those low, rich, English levels, from the fairy mists of the Lady's Glen. He began to perceive dimly that his devotion was a toy and plaything to this little woman of the world. He began to perceive what an amount of love would be necessary to make such a creature as Matty place herself consciously by the side of such a lover as himself. Love!—and as yet all that he could say certainly of Matty was that she liked a little love-making, and had afforded him a great many facilities for that agreeable but unproductive occupation. Colin's heart lost itself in an uncertainty darker than the fog. His own position galled him profoundly. He was Charley's tutor. They were all very kind to him; but, supposing he were to ask the child of the house to

descend from her eminence and be his wife—not even his wife, indeed, but his betrothed; to wait years and years for him until he should be able to claim her—what would everybody think of him? Colin's heart beat against his breast in loud throbs of wounded love and pride. At Wodensbourne everything seemed impossible. He had not the heart to go away and end abruptly his first love and all his dreams, and how could he stay to consume his heart and his life? How go back to the old existence, which would now be so much harder? How begin anew and try another existence apart from all his training and traditions, for the sake of that wildest of incredible hopes? Colin had lived for some time in this state of struggle and argument with himself, and it was only Matty's presence which at times delivered him from it. Now, as before, he took refuge in the thought that he could not immediately free himself; that, having accepted his position as Charley's tutor, he could not relinquish it immediately; that honour bound him to remain for the winter at least. When he had come, for the fiftieth time, to this conclusion, he went indoors, and upstairs to his room. It was a good way up, but yet it was more luxurious than anything in Ramore, and on the table there were some flowers which she had given him the night before. Poor Colin! after his serious reflections he owed himself a little holiday. It was an odd enough conclusion, certainly, to his thoughts, but he had an hour to himself and his writing-desk was open on the table, and involuntarily he bethought himself of Miss Matty's parting words. The end of it was that he occupied his hour writing and re-writing and polishing into smooth couplets the pretty verses which that young lady had asked for. Colin's verses were as follows; from which it will be seen that, though he had a great deal of poetical sentiment, he was right in refusing to consider himself a poet:—

"In English speech, my lady said,
There are no sweet half-partings made—
Words half regret, half joy, that tell
We meet again and all is well.

Ah, not for sunny hours or days
 Its grave 'Farewell' our England says;
 Nor for a moment's absence, true,
 Utters its prayer, 'God be with you.'
 Other the thoughts that Love may reach,
 In the grave tones of English speech;
 Deeper than Fancy's passing breath,
 The blessing stands for life or death.
 If Heaven in wrath should rule it so,
 If earth were capable of woe
 So bitter as that this might be
 The last dear word 'twixt thee and me,
 Thus Love in English speech, above
 All lighter thoughts, breathes: 'Farewell,
 Love;

For hours or ages if we part,
 God be with thee, where'er thou art.
 To no less hands than His alone
 I trust thy soul out of mine own.'
 Thus speaks the Love that, grave and strong,
 Can master death, neglect, and wrong,
 Yet ne'er can learn, long as it lives,
 To limit the full soul it gives,
 Or cheat the parting of its pain
 With light words 'Till we meet again.'
 Ah, no, while on a moment's breath
 Love holds the poise 'twixt life and death,
 He cannot leave who loves thee, sweet,
 With light postponement 'Till we meet;
 But rather prays, 'Whate'er may be,
 My life or death, God be with thee!
 Though one brief hour my course may tell,
 Ever and ever Fare thee well."

Probably the readers of this history will think that Colin deserved his fate.

He gave them to her in the evening, when he found her alone in the drawing-room—alone, at least, in so far that Lady Frankland was nodding over the newspaper, and taking no notice of Miss Matty's proceedings. "Oh, thank you; how nice of you!" cried the young lady; but she crumpled the little billet in her hand, and put it, not into her bosom as young ladies do in novels, but into her pocket, glancing at the door as she did so. "I do believe you are right in saying that there is nothing but prose here," said Matty. "I can't read it just now. It would only make them laugh, you know;" and she went away forthwith to the other end of the room, and began to occupy herself in arranging some music. She was thus employed when Harry came in, looking black enough. Colin was left to himself all that evening. He had, moreover, the gratification of witnessing all the privileges once accorded to himself given to his rival. Even in matters less urgent than love, it

is disenchanting to see the same attentions lavished on another of which one has imagined one's self the only possessor. It was in vain that Colin attempted a grim smile to himself at this transference of Matty's wiles and witcheries. The lively table-talk—more lively than it could be with him, for the two knew all each other's friends and occupations; the little services about the tea-table which he himself had so often rendered to Matty, but which her cousin could render with a freedom impossible to Colin; the pleased, amused looks of the elders, who evidently imagined matters to be going on as they wished;—would have been enough of themselves to drive the unfortunate youth half wild as he sat in the background and witnessed it all. But, as Colin's evil genius would have it, the curate was that evening dining at Wodensbourne. And, in pursuance of his benevolent intention of cultivating and influencing the young Scotchman, this excellent ecclesiastic devoted himself to Colin. He asked a great many questions about Scotland and the Sabbath question, and the immoral habits of the peasantry, to which the catechumen replied with varying temper, sometimes giving wild answers, quite wide of the mark, as he applied his jealous ear to hear rather the conversation going on at a little distance than the interrogatory addressed to himself. Most people have experienced something of the difficulty of keeping up an indifferent conversation while watching and straining to catch such scraps as may be audible of something more interesting going on close by; but the difficulty was aggravated in Colin's case by the fact that his own private interlocutor was doing everything in his power to exasperate him in a well-meaning and friendly way, and that the words which fell on his ear close at hand were scarcely less irritating than the half-heard words, the but too distinctly seen combinations at the other end of the room, where Matty was making tea, with her cousin hanging over her chair. After he had borne it as long as he could, Colin turned to bay.

"Scotland is not in the South Seas," said the young Scotchman; "a day's journey any time will take you there. As for our Universities, they are not rich like yours, but they have been heard of from time to time," said Colin, with indignation. His eyes had caught fire from long provocation, and they were fixed at this moment upon Matty, who was showing her cousin something which she half drew out of her pocket under cover of her handkerchief. Was it his foolish offering that the two were about to laugh over? In the bitterness of the moment, he could have taken the most summary vengeance on the irreproachable young clergyman. "We don't tattoo ourselves now-a-days, and no Englishman has been eaten in my district within the memory of man," said the young savage, who looked quite inclined to swallow somebody, though it was doubtful who was the immediate object of his passion, which played in his brown eyes. Perhaps Colin had never been so much excited in his life.

"I beg your pardon," said the wondering curate. "I tell you, I fear—" and he followed Colin's eyes, after his first movement of offence was over, and perhaps comprehended the mystery, for the curate himself had been in his day the subject of experiments. "They seem to have come to a very good understanding, these two," he said, with a gentle clerical leaning towards inevitable gossip. "I told you how it was likely to be. I wish you would come to the vicarage oftener," continued the young priest. "If Frankland and you don't get on—"

"Why should not we get on?" said Colin, who was half mad with excitement—he had just seen some paper, wonderfully like his own verses, handed from one to another of the pair who were so mutually engrossed—and, if he could have tossed the curate or anybody else who might happen to be at hand out of window, it would have been a relief to his feelings. "He and I are in very different circumstances," said the young man, with his eyes aflame. "I am not aware that it is of the least im-

portance to any one whether we get on or not. You forget that I am only the tutor." It occurred to him, as he spoke, how he had said the same words to Matty at Ardmartin, and how they had laughed together over his position. It was not any laughing matter now; and to see the two heads bending over that bit of paper was more than he could bear.

"I wish you would come oftener to the parsonage," said the benevolent curate. "I might be—we might be—of—of some use to each other. I am very much interested in your opinions. I wish I could bring you to see the beauty of all the Church's arrangements and the happiness of those—"

Here Colin rose to his feet without being aware of it, and the curate stopped speaking. He was a man of placid temper himself, and the young stranger's aspect alarmed him. Harry Frankland was coming forward with the bit of paper in his hand.

"Look here," said Frankland, instinctively turning his back on the tutor, "here's a little drawing my cousin has been making for some schools you want in the village. She says they must be looked after directly. It's only a scratch, but I think it's pretty—a woman is always shaky in her outlines, you know; but the idea ain't bad, is it? She says I am to talk to you on the subject," said the heir; and he spread out the sketch on the table and began to discuss it with the pleased curate. Harry was pleased too, in a modified way; he thought he was gratifying Matty, and he thought it was good of such a wayward little thing to think about the village children; and, finally, he thought if she had been indifferent to the young lord of the manor she would not have taken so much trouble—which were all agreeable and consolatory imaginations. As for Colin, standing up by the table, his eyes suddenly glowed and melted into a mist of sweet compunctions; he stood quite still for a moment, and then he caught the smallest possible gesture, the movement of a finger, the scarce-perceptible

lifting of an eyelash, which called him to her side. When he went up to Matty he found her reading very demurely, with her book held in both her hands, and his little poem placed above the printed page. "It is charming!" said the little witch; "I could not look at it till I had got rid of Harry. It is quite delightful, and it is the greatest shame in the world not to print it; but I can't conceive how you can possibly remember the trumpery little things I say." The conclusion was, that sweeter dreams than usual visited Colin's sleep that night. Miss Matty had not yet done with her interesting victim.

CHAPTER XVII.

COLIN found a letter on the breakfast-table next morning, which gave a new development to his mental struggle. It was from the Professor in Glasgow in whose class he had won his greatest laurels. He was not a correspondent nor even a friend of Colin's, and the effect of his letter was increased accordingly. "One of our exhibitions to Balliol is to be competed for immediately after Christmas," wrote the Professor. "I am very anxious that you should be a candidate. From all I have seen of you, I am inclined to augur a brilliant career for your talents if they are fully cultivated; and for the credit of our University, as well as for your own sake, I should be glad to see you the holder of this scholarship. Macdonald, your old rival, is a very satisfactory scholar, and has unbounded perseverance and steadiness—doggedness, I might almost say; but he is not the kind of man—I speak to you frankly—to do us any credit at Oxford, nor indeed to do himself any particular advantage. His is the commonly received type of Scotch intelligence—hard, keen, and unsympathetic—a form as little true to the character of the nation as conventional types usually are. I don't want, to speak the truth, to send him to my old college as a specimen of what we can produce here.

It would be much more satisfactory to myself to send you, and I think you could make better use of the opportunities thus opened to you. Lauderdale informs me that Sir Thomas Frankland is an old friend and one under obligations to you or your family: probably, in the circumstances, he would not object to release you from your engagement. The matter is so important, that I don't think you should allow any false delicacy in respect to your present occupation to deter you from attending to your own interests. You are now just at the age to benefit in the highest degree by such an opportunity of prosecuting your studies."

This was the letter which woke all the slumbering forces of Colin's mind to renew the struggle against his heart and his fancy which he had already waged unsuccessfully. He was not of much use to Charley for that day at least; their conjugations, negative or affirmative, made but small progress, and the sharp-witted boy gave his tutor credit for being occupied with Matty, and scorned him accordingly—of which fact the young man was fortunately quite unaware. When it became possible for Colin to speak to Sir Thomas on the subject, he had again lost himself in a maze of conflicting inclinations. Should he leave this false position, and betake himself again, in improved and altered circumstances, to the business of his life? But Colin saw very clearly that to leave his present position was to leave Matty—to relinquish his first dream; to give up the illusion which, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, had made life lovely to him for the past year at least. Already he had so far recovered his senses as to feel that, if he left her now, he left her for ever, and that no new tie could be woven between his humble fortunes and those of the little siren of Wodensbourne. Knowing this, yet all the while subject to her witcheries—hearing the song that lured him on—how was he to take a strenuous resolution, and leap back into the disenchanted existence, full of duty but deprived of delights, which awaited him in his proper sphere? He had gone out to the terrace

again in the afternoon to argue it out with himself, when he encountered Sir Thomas, who had a cold, and was taking his constitutional discreetly for his health's sake, not without an eye to the garden in which Lady Frankland intended sundry alterations which were not quite satisfactory to her lord. "Of course I don't mean to interfere with my lady's fancies," said the baronet, who was pleased to find some one to whom he could confide his griefs; "a flower-garden is a woman's department, certainly, if anything is; but I won't have this terrace disturbed. It used to be my mother's favourite walk," said Sir Thomas. The good man went on, a little moved by this particular recollection, meditating his grievance. Sir Thomas had got very nearly to the other end of that table-land of existence which lies between the ascent and the descent—that interval in which the suns burn hottest, the winds blow coldest, but upon which, when it is fair weather, the best part of life may be spent. By right of his extended prospect, he was naturally a little contemptuous of those griefs and struggles of youth which cloud on the ascending way. Had any one told him of the real conflict which was going on in Colin's mind, the excellent middle-aged man would but have laughed at the boy's folly—a laughter softened yet confirmed by the recollection of similar clouds in his own experience which had long dispersed into thin air. He was a little serious at the present moment, about my lady's caprice, which aimed at altering the smooth stretch of lawn to which his eyes had been accustomed for years, and turned to listen to Colin, when the young man addressed him, with a slight air of impatience, not knowing anything of importance which the youth could have to say.

"I should be glad to know," said Colin, with hesitation, "how long you think Charley will want my services. Lady Frankland was speaking the other day of the improvement in his health."

"Yes," interrupted the baronet, brightening up a little, for his invalid boy was his favourite. "We are greatly

obliged to you, Campbell. Charley has brightened and improved amazingly since you came here."

This was an embarrassing way of receiving Colin's attempt at disengaging himself from Charley. The youth hesitated and stammered, and could not well make up his mind what to say next. In his perplexity he took out the letter which had stimulated him to this attempt. Sir Thomas, who was still a little impatient, took it out of his hands and read it. The baronet whistled under his breath with puzzled astonishment as he read. "What does it mean?" said Sir Thomas. "You declined to go to Oxford under my auspices, and now here is something about a scholarship and a competition. You want to go to the University after all—but why then reject my proposal when I made it?" said Colin's patron, who thought his *protégé* had chosen a most unlucky moment for changing his mind.

"I beg your pardon," said Colin, "but I could not accept your offer at any time. I could not accept such a favour from any man, and I know no claim I have upon you to warrant—"

"Oh, stuff!" said Sir Thomas; "I know very well what are the obligations I am under to you, Campbell. You saved my son Harry's life—we are all very sensible of your claims. I should certainly have expected you to help Harry as far as was possible—for he is like myself—he is more in the way of cricket and boating, and a day with the hounds when he can get it, than Greek—but I should have felt real pleasure," said the baronet blandly, "in helping so deserving a young man, and one to whom we all feel so much indebted."

"Thank you," said Colin, who at that moment would have felt real pleasure in punching the head, or maltreating the person of the heir of Wodensbourne—"I suppose we have all some pride in one way or another. I am obliged to you, Sir Thomas, but I could not accept such a favour from you; whereas, a prize won at my own university," said the young man, with a little elevation, "is no discredit, but—"

"Discredit!" said Sir Thomas; "you must have a very strange idea of me, Mr. Campbell, if you imagine it discreditable to accept a kindness at my hands."

"I beg your pardon," again said Colin, who was at his wit's end; "I did not mean to say anything uncivil—but I am Scotch. I dislike receiving favours. I prefer—"

Sir Thomas rubbed his hands. The apology of nationality went a long way with him, and restored his temper. "Yes, yes; I understand," he said, with good-humoured superiority: "you prefer conferring favours—you like to keep the upper hand. I know a great deal of you Scotchmen; I flatter myself I understand your national character. I should like to know now," said the baronet, confidentially, "if you are set upon becoming a Scotch minister, as you once told me, what good it will do you going to Oxford? Supposing you were to distinguish yourself, which I think very possible; supposing you were to take a—a second-class, or even a first-class, for example, what would be the good? The reputation and the—the *prestige* and that sort of thing would be altogether lost in Scotland. All the upper classes you know have gone from the old Kirk, and you would not please the peasants a bit better for being—indeed, the idea of an Oxford first-class man spending his life preaching to a set of peasants is absurd," said Sir Thomas. "I know more about Scotland than most men: I paid a great deal of attention to that Kirk question. If you go to Oxford I shall expect you to change your mind about your profession. If you don't take to something more ambitious, at least you'll go in for the Church."

"I have always intended so," said Colin, with his grand air, ignoring the baronet's meaning. "To preach, if it is only to peasants, is more worth a man's while than reading prayers for ever, like your curate here. I am only Scotch; I know no better," said Colin. "We want changes in Scotland, it is true; but it is as good to work for Scotland as for England—better for me

—and I should not grudge my first-class to the service of my native Church," said the youth, with a movement of his head which tossed his heavy brown locks from the concealed forehead. Sir Thomas looked at him with a blank amazement, not knowing in the least what he meant. He thought the young fellow had been piqued somehow, most probably by Matty, and was in a heroic mood, which mood Colin's patron did not pretend to understand.

"Well, well," he said, with some impatience, "I suppose you will take your own way; but I must say it would seem very odd to see an Oxford first-class man in a queer little kirk in the Highlands, preaching a sermon an hour long. Of course, if you like it, that's another matter; and the Scotch certainly do seem to like preaching," said Sir Thomas, with natural wonder; "but we flattered ourselves you were comfortable here. I am sorry you want to go away."

This was taking Colin on his undefended side. The words brought colour to his cheeks and moisture to his eye. "Indeed, I don't want to go away," he said, and paused, and faltered, and grew still more deeply crimson. "I can never forget; I can never think otherwise than with—with gratitude of Wodensbourne." He was going to have said tenderness, but stopped himself in time; and even Sir Thomas, though his eyes were noway anointed with any special chrism of insight, saw the emotion in his face.

"Then don't go," said the straightforward baronet; "why should you go if you don't want to? We are all most anxious that you should stay. Indeed, it would upset my plans dreadfully if you were to leave Charley at present. He's a wonderful fellow, is Charley. He has twice as much brains as the rest of my boys, sir; and you understand him, Campbell. He is happier, he is stronger, he is even a better fellow—poor lad, when he's ill he can't be blamed for a bit of temper—since you came. Indeed, now I think it over," said Sir Thomas, "you will mortify and disappoint me

very much if you go away. I quite considered you had accepted Charley's tutorship for a year at least. My dear, here's a pretty business," he said, turning round at the sound of steps and voices, which Colin had already discerned from afar with a feeling that he was now finally vanquished, and could yield with a good grace; "here's Campbell threatening to go away."

"To go away!" said Lady Frankland. "Dear me, he can't mean it. Why, he only came the other day; and Charley, you know"—said the anxious mother; but she recollected Harry's objection to the tutor, and did not make any very warm opposition. Colin, however, was totally unconscious of the lukewarmness of the lady of the house. The little scream of dismay with which Miss Matty received the intelligence might have deluded a wiser man than he.

"Going away! I call it downright treachery," said Miss Matty. "I think it is using you very unkindly, uncle; when he knows you put such dependence on him about Charley, and when *we* know the house has been quite a different thing since Mr. Campbell came," said the little witch, with a double meaning, of which Colin, poor boy, swallowed the sweeter sense, without a moment's hesitation. *He* knew it was not the improvement in Charley's temper which had made the house different to Matty; but Lady Frankland, who was not a woman of imagination, took up seriously what seemed to be the obvious meaning of the words.

"It is quite true. I am sure we are much obliged to Mr. Campbell," she said; "Charley is quite an altered boy; and I had hoped you were liking Wodensbourne. If we could do anything to make it more agreeable to you," said Lady Frankland, graciously, remembering how Charley's "temper" was the horror of the house. "I am sure Sir Thomas would not grudge—"

"Pray do not say any more," said Colin, confused and blushing; "no house could be more—no house could be so agreeable to me. You are all very kind. It was only my—my own—"

What he was going to say is beyond the reach of discovery. He was interrupted by a simultaneous utterance from all the three persons present, of which Colin heard only the soft tones of Matty. "He does not mean it," she said; "he only means to alarm us. I shall not say good-bye, nor farewell either. You shall have no good wishes if you *think* of going away. False as a Campbell," said the siren under her breath, with a look which overpowered Colin. He never was quite sure what words followed from the elder people; but even Lady Frankland became fervent when she recalled what Charley had been before the advent of the tutor. "What we should do with him now, if Mr. Campbell was to leave and the house full of people, I tremble to think," said the alarmed mother. When Colin returned to the house it was with a slightly flattered sense of his own value and importance now to the young man—with a sense too that duty had fully acquitted and justified inclination, and that he could not at the present moment leave his post. This delicious unction he laid to his soul while it was still thrilling with the glance and with the words which Matty, in her alarm, had used to prevent her slave's escape. Whatever happened, he could not, he would not, go; better to perish with such a hope, than to thrive without it; and, after all, there was no need for perishing, and next year Oxford might still be practicable. So Colin said to himself, as he made his simple toilette for the evening, with a face which was radiant with secret sunshine, "It was only my—my own—." How had he intended to complete that sentence which the Franklands took out of his mouth? Was he going to say interest, advantage, peace? The unfinished words came to his mind involuntarily when he was alone. They kept flitting in and out, disturbing him with vague touches of uneasiness, asking to be completed. "My own—only my own," Colin said to himself as he went down stairs. He was saying over the words softly as he came to a landing, upon

which there was a great blank staircase-window reaching down to the floor, and darkly filled at this present moment with a grey waste of sky and tumbling clouds, with a wild wind visibly surging through the vacant atmosphere, and conveying almost to the eye in palpable vision an equal demonstration of its presence as it did to the ear. "My own—only my own. I wonder what you mean; the words sound quite sentimental," said Miss Matty, suddenly appearing at Colin's side, with a light in her hand. The young man was moved strangely; he could not tell why. "I meant my own life, I believe," he said with a sudden impulse, unawares; "only my own life," and went down the next flight of stairs before the young lady, not knowing what he was about. When he came to himself, and stood back, blushing with hot shame, to let her pass, the words came back in a dreary whirl, as if the wind had taken them up and tossed them at him, out of that wild windowful of night. His life—only his life; was that what he had put in comparison with Charley's temper and Matty's vanity, and given up with enthusiasm? Something chill, like a sudden cold current through his veins, ran to Colin's heart for a moment. Next minute he was in the room, where bright lights, and lively talk, and all the superficial cordiality of prosperity and good-humour filled the atmosphere round him. Whatever the stake had been, the cast was over and the decision made.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Christmas guests began to arrive at Wodensbourne on the same day that Colin concluded this sacrifice; and for some days the tutor had scant measure of that society which had lured him to the relinquishment even of his "life." When the house was full of people, Matty found a thousand occupations in which of necessity Colin had no share,—not to say that the young lady felt it

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a matter of prudence, after she had accepted his sacrifice, to be as little as possible in his society. It was pleasant enough to feel her power, and to know that for her invaluable smile the boy had bartered his independent career; but to put him in the way of claiming any reward for his offering would have been exceedingly inconvenient to Matty. He paid the full penalty accordingly for at least a week thereafter, and had abundant opportunity of counting the cost and seeing what he had done. It was not exhilarating to spend the mornings with Charley, to answer his sharp questions, to satisfy his acute but superficial mind—in which curiosity was everything, and thought scarcely existed—and to feel that for this he had given up all that was individual in his life. He had left his own University, he had given up the chance of going to Oxford, he had separated himself from his companions and given up his occupations—all for the pleasure of teaching Charley, of standing in a corner of the Wodensbourne drawing-room, and feeling acutely through every fibre of his sensitive Scotch frame that he was the tutor, and stood accordingly in about as much relationship to the society in which he found himself as if he had been a New Zealand chief. Colin, however, had made up his mind, and there was nothing for it now but to consent and accept his fate. But it was astonishing how different things looked from that corner of the drawing-room, unspeakably different from the aspect they bore when Colin himself was the only stranger present, and even different from the state of affairs after Harry came home, when the tutor had been thrown into the shade, and a fever of excitement and jealousy had taken possession of Colin's breast. He was very young, and was not used to society. When Matty addressed to her cousin the same witcheries which she had expended on her worshipper, the young man was profoundly wretched and jealous beyond description. But when he saw her use the same wiles with others, lavishing freely the smiles which had been so

precious to his deluded fancy upon one and another, a painful wonder seized the mind of Colin. To stand in that corner possessed by one object was to be behind the scenes. Colin was mortal; he had made a great sacrifice, and he was glad to have made it; but he could not forget it, nor stand at his ease, accepting the civilities that might be offered him like another. At first he expected the equivalent which he imagined had been pledged to him, and when he found out his mistake in that, he discovered also how impossible it was to refrain from a feeling of injury, a jealous consciousness of inadequate appreciation. He himself knew, if nobody else did, the price at which he had bought those siren smiles, and under these circumstances to stand by and see them bestowed upon others, was an experience which conveyed wonderful insight to Colin's inexperienced eyes. If Miss Matty saw him at all, she saw him in the corner, and gave him a nod and a smile in passing, which she thought quite enough to keep him happy for the time being. For, unluckily, the professors of this art of fascination, both male and female, are apt now and then to deceive themselves in the extent of their own powers. While Matty was so perfectly easy in her mind about the tall figure in the corner, he, for his part, was watching her with feelings which it would be very hard to describe. His very admiration, the sincerity of his love, intensified the smouldering germs of disappointment and disgust of which he became uneasily conscious as he stood and watched. He saw by glimpses "the very heart of the machine" from that unnoticed observatory. He saw how she distributed and divided her bright looks, her playful talk; he perceived how she exerted herself to be more and more charming if any victim proved refractory and was slow to yield. Had Colin been kept more perfectly in hand himself, had she devoted a little more time, a little more pains to him, it is probable that the sweet flattery would have prevailed, and that he might have

forgiven her the too great readiness she showed to please others. But, as it was, the glamour died out of Colin's eyes ray by ray, and, bitter in the consciousness of all he had sacrificed, he began to find out how little the reward, even could he have obtained it, was worth the price. The process was slow, but it went on night by night—and night by night, as the disenchantment progressed, Colin became more and more unhappy. It was wretched to see the sweet illusion which had made life so beautiful disappearing under his very eyes, and to feel that the enchantment, which had to him been so irresistible, was a conscious and studied art, which could be used just when the possessor pleased, with as much coolness as if it had been the art of embroidery or any other feminine handicraft. A wise spectator might, and probably would, have said, that to learn this lesson was the best thing possible for Colin; but that did not make it the less cruel, the less bitter. In his corner the young man gradually drew nearer and nearer to the fierce misanthropy of outraged youth, that misanthropy which is as warm a protest against common worldliness as the first enthusiasm. But his heart was not yet released, though his eyes were becoming enlightened—reason works slowly against love—and bitter at the bottom of all lay the sense of the sacrifice, which was only his life.

A few days after Christmas, a party of the young men staying at Wodensbourne were bound upon a boating expedition, to decide some bet which bore remotely upon one of the greatest events of the University year—the great match between Oxford and Cambridge. Harry Frankland, who was an Oxford man, though the spires of Cambridge might almost have been visible from his father's park, had there been any eminence high enough to afford a view, was deeply interested on the side of his own University; and some unfortunate youths belated at Cambridge during the holidays for want of friends, or money, or some other needful adjunct of festival-keeping, were but too glad to seize the opportu-

nity of a day's pleasure. Colin never knew how it was that he came to be asked to join the party. Though Harry's jealousy was gone, for the moment at least, there was not even a pretence of friendship between the tutor and the heir. Nor could Colin ever explain how it was that he consented to go, for scores of objections naturally presented themselves at the first proposal. He was sensitive, affronted, feeling deeply his false position, and ready to receive with suspicion any overtures of friendliness from any man possessed by a benevolent wish to be kind to the tutor. It was, however, his fate to go, and the preliminaries arranged themselves somehow. They started on a frosty bright morning, when the trees of the park were still only emerging from mists tinted red by the sunshine, a joyous, rather noisy party; they were to walk to the river, which was about six miles off, and, when their business was decided, to lunch at a favourite haunt of the Cambridge undergraduates. Lady Frankland, who did not much approve of the expedition, gave them many counsels about the way. "I wish you would drive and get back by daylight," she said; "otherwise I know you will be taking that path across the fields."

"What path?" said some one present; "if there is one specially objectionable we will be sure to take it."

"I would not if I were you," said Miss Matty. "There is a nasty canal in the way; if you pass it after it is dark, some of you will certainly fall in. It would be a pity to be drowned in such a slimy, shabby way. Much better have all sorts of dog-carts and things, and drive back in time for a cup of tea."

At which speech there was a general laugh. "Matty would give her soul for a cup of tea," said her cousin. "What a precious fright you'll all be in if we're late for dinner. I ought to know all about the canal by this time. Come along. It's too cold to think of drowning," said Harry Frankland, with a filial nod of leave-taking to his mother. As for Matty, she went to the door with them to see them go off, as did some

others of the ladies. Matty lifted her pretty cloak sideways and stretched out her hand into the frosty atmosphere as if to feel for rain.

"I thought I saw some drops," she said; "it would be frightful if it came on to rain now, and spoiled our chances of skating. Good morning, and, whatever you do, I beg of you don't get drowned in the canal. It would be such a shabby way of making an end of one's self," said Matty. When she looked up she caught Colin's eye, who was the last to leave the house. She was in the humour to be kind to him at that moment. "Shall I say good-bye or farewell?" she said softly, with that look of special confidence which Colin, notwithstanding his new enlightenment, had no heart to resist.

"You shall say what you please," said Colin, lingering on the step beside her. The young man was in a kind of desperate mood. Perhaps he liked to show his companions that he too could have his turn.

"Good-bye—farewell," said Matty, "but then that implies shaking hands," and she gave him her pretty hand with a little laugh, making it appear to the group outside that the clownish tutor had insisted upon that unnecessary ceremony. "But whatever you please to say, I like *au revoir* best," said Miss Matty; "it does not even suggest parting." And she waved her hand as she turned away. "Till we meet again," said the little enchantress. It might be to him especially, or it might be to all, that she made this little gesture of farewell. Anyhow, Colin followed the others with indescribable sensations. He no longer believed in her, but her presence, her looks, her words, had still mastery over him. He had walked half the way before the fumes of that leave-taking had gone out of his brain, though most part of the time he was keeping up a conversation about things in general with the stupidest of the party, who kept pertinaciously by the tutor's side.

The day went off with considerable satisfaction to all the party, and, as

Colin and Frankland did not come much in contact, there was little opportunity for displaying the spirit of opposition and contradiction which existed between them. Fortunately, Colin was not at hand to hear Harry's strictures upon his method of handling the oars, nor did Frankland perceive the smile of contemptuous recollection which came upon the tutor's face as he observed how tenderly the heir of Wodensbourne stepped into the boat, keeping clear of the wet as of old. "That fellow has not a bit of science," said young Frankland; "he expects mere strength to do everything. Look how he holds his oar. It never occurs to him that he is in anything lighter than a Highland fishing cobble. What on earth, I wonder, made us bring him here?"

"Science goes a great way," said the most skilled oarsman of the party, "but I'd like to have the training of Campbell all the same. He talks of going to Balliol, and I shall write to Cox about him." "What a chest the fellow has," said the admiring spectators. Meanwhile Colin had not hesitated to explain his smile.

"I smile because I recollect smiling years ago," said Colin. "See how Frankland steps into the boat. When he was a boy he did the same. I remember it, and it amused me; for wet feet were a new idea to me in those days;" and Colin laughed outright, and the eyes of the two met. Neither knew what the other had been saying, but the spectators perceived without more words that the young men were not perfectly safe companions for each other, and took precautions, with instinctive comprehension of the case.

"These two don't get on," said one of the party, under his breath. "It is hard upon a fellow, you know, to have another fellow stuck at his side who saved his life, and that sort of thing. I shouldn't like it myself. Somebody keep an eye on Frankland—and on the Scotch fellow, too," said the impartial peace-maker. Luckily, neither of the two who were thus put under friendly surveillance was at all aware of the fact,

and Colin submitted with as good a grace as possible to the constant companionship of the stupidest and best-humoured of the party, who had already bestowed his attentions and society upon the tutor. This state of things, however, did not endure after the lunch, at which it was not possible for Colin to remain a merely humble spectator and sharer of the young men's entertainment. He had not been broken in to such duty; and, excited by exercise and the freedom round him, Colin could no more help talking than he could help the subsequent discovery made by his companions that "the Scotch fellow" was very good company. The young men spent—as was to be expected—a much longer time over their lunch than was at all necessary; and the short winter day was just over when they set out on their way home through the evening mists, which soon deepened into darkness, very faintly lighted by a few doubtful stars. Everybody declared, it is true, that there was to be a moon; indeed, it was with the distinct understanding that there was to be a moon that the party had started walking from Wodensbourne. But the moon showed herself lamentably indifferent to the arrangements which depended on her. She gave not the least sign of appearing anywhere in that vast, windy vault of sky, which indeed had a little light in itself, but could spare scarcely any to show the wayfarers where they were going through the dreary wintry road and between the rustling leafless hedges. When they got into the fields matters grew rather worse. It was hard to keep the path, harder still to find the stiles and steer through gaps and ditches. The high road made a round which would lead them three or four miles out of their way, and Frankland insisted upon his own perfect knowledge of the by-way by which they could reach Wodensbourne in an hour. "Mind the canal we were warned of this morning," suggested one of the party, as they paused in the dark at the corner of a black field to decide which way they should go. "Oh, confound the canal; as

if I didn't know every step of the way," said young Frankland. "It's a settled principle in the female mind that one is bent upon walking into canals whenever one has an opportunity. Come along; if you're afraid, perhaps Campbell will show you the other way."

"Certainly," said Colin, without the least hesitation. "I have no wish to walk into the canal, for my part;" upon which there was a universal protest against parting company. "Come along," said one, who thrust his arm through Colin's as he spoke, but who was no longer the stupid member of the party, "we'll all take our chance together;" but he kept the tutor as far as possible from the line of Wodensbourne. "Frankland and you don't seem to get on," said Colin's companion; "yet he's a very nice fellow when you come to know him. I suppose you must have had some misunderstanding, eh? Wasn't it you who saved his life?"

"I never saved any one's life," said Colin, a little sharply; "and we get on well enough—as well as is necessary. We have no call to see much of each other." After this they all went on through the dark as well as they could, getting into difficulties now and then, sometimes collecting together in a bewildered group at a stile or turning, and afterwards streaming on in single file—a succession of black figures which it was impossible to identify except by the voices. Certainly they made noise enough. What with shouts from the beginning to the end of the file, what with bursts of song which came occasionally from one or another or even taken up in uproarious chorus, the profound stillness which enveloped and surrounded them was compelled to own their human presence to the ear at least. In the natural course of their progress Colin and his immediate companion had got nearly to the front, when the laughter and noise was suddenly interrupted. "I don't quite see where we are going," said Harry. "Stop a bit; I shouldn't mind going on myself, but I don't want to risk you fellows who are frightened for canals. Look here;

the road ought to have gone on at this corner, but here's nothing but a hedge. Keep where you are till I look out. There's a light over there, but I can't tell what's between."

"Perhaps it's the canal," said some one behind.

"Oh, yes, of course it's the canal," said Frankland, with irritation. "You stand back till I try; if I fall in it's my own fault, which will be a consolation to my friends," cried the angry guide. He started forward impatiently, not, however, without being closely followed by two or three, among whom was Colin.

"Don't be foolish, Frankland," said one voice in the darkness; "let us all go together—let us be cautious. I feel something like gravel under my feet. Steady, steady; feel with your foot before you put it down. Oh! good heavens, what is it?" The voice broke off abruptly; a loud splash and a cry ensued, and the young man behind saw the figures in advance of them suddenly drop and disappear. It *was* the canal, upon which they had been making un-awares. Two out of the four had only stumbled on the bank, and rose up again immediately; and as those behind, afraid to press forward, not knowing what to do, stood watching appalled, another and another figure scrambled up with difficulty, calling for help out of the water, into which they had not, however plunged deeply enough to peril their lives. Then there was a terrible momentary pause.

"Are we all here?" said Colin. His voice sounded like a funeral bell pealing through the darkness. He knew they were not all there. He, with his keen eyes, rendered keener by opposition and enmity, had seen beyond mistake that the first of all went down and had not risen again. The consciousness made his voice tragic as it rang through the darkness. Somebody shouted, "Yes, yes, thank God!" in reply. It was only a second, but years of life rolled up upon Colin in that moment of time—years of most troublous existence behind; years of fair life before. Should he let

him die? It was not his fault; nobody could blame him. And what right had *he* to risk his life a second time for Harry Frankland? All that a murderer, all that a martyr could feel rushed through Colin's mind in that instant of horrible indecision. Then somebody said, "Frankland, Frankland! where is Frankland?" That voice was the touch of fate. With a strange shout, of which he was unconscious, Colin plunged into the black invisible stream. By this time the others of the party saw with unspeakable relief lights approaching, and heard through the darkness voices of men coming to their assistance. They were close by one of the locks of the canal; and it was the keeper of it, not unused to such accidents, who came hurrying to give what help was possible. His lantern and some torches which the anxious young men managed to light threw a wild illumination over the muddy, motionless stream, in which two

of their number, lately as gay and light-hearted as any, were now struggling for their life. The same light flared horribly over the two motionless figures, which, after an interval which seemed like years to the bystanders, were at length brought out of the blackness; one of them still retaining strength and consciousness to drag the other with him up the stony margin before his senses failed. They lay silent both, with pallid faces, upon the hard path; one as like death as the other, with a kind of stony, ghostly resemblance in their white insensibility, except that there was blood on the lips of one, who must have struck, the lockman said, upon some part of the lock. They were carried into the cottage, and hurried messengers sent to the nearest doctor and to Wodensbourne. Meanwhile the two lay together, pallid and motionless, nobody knowing which was living and which dead.

To be continued.

THE STATE VAULT OF CHRIST CHURCH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE cathedral of Christ Church in Dublin is probably nearly the ugliest specimen of Gothic architecture in existence. The impressions, gorgeous or sublime, which I have enjoyed under the arches of Cologne or Winchester,

"Of loveliest Milan, or the Sepulchre,
So dark and solemn, where the Christ was laid,"

were utterly wanting in this mouldering old pile—huge, shapeless, and desolate. Part of the building claims to be coeval with the Danish sea-kings of Dublin, but of architectural beauty or merit of any kind there is entire dearth. Sordid whitewash, damp-stained and dust-begrimed, covers the walls; and blank, dank, dark, and cold spreads the forlorn and useless nave, where the shattered statue of Strongbow lies on his altar-tomb—a desolate conqueror, forgotten and alone.

Into this disheartening place some

researches of a genealogical kind guided my steps a few years ago. It was my desire to discover whether a certain Archbishop of Dublin, dead a century since, had been buried in the Cathedral, and, in such case, what record of the event could be discovered.

The well-disposed sacristan aided me to the best of his abilities to examine all the monuments through the building—monuments whose paucity made the task a tiring one—and then announced to me he could help me no more. There was but one chance remaining. The prelate might have been deposited in the state-vault under the chancel without any tomb or tablet having been erected to his memory above-ground. His coffin might, possibly, be discovered; but then, of course, I could not (so thought the sacristan) undertake the disagreeable task of descending into this vault and examining the

various coffin-plates to find the one I desired. It did not seem so clear to me that this was impossible. The search was one I was anxious to accomplish satisfactorily; and it needed, apparently, only a little strain upon the nerves to do so. I asked the man whether he would accompany me to the vault; and, as he consented, after a little hesitation, we were soon in the crypts of the cathedral, prepared with candles for our gloomy task.

If the upper part of the building was desolate, these crypts beneath it were a thousand times more so. The low arches rising out of the earthen floor extended in all directions in long dark vaults, down which our lights, of course, penetrated but a little way, leaving the gloom beyond unexplored. Above there had been the roar of the streets and the glare of the summer sun. Here the darkness and stillness were so absolute that the sacristan's little son, who had followed us thus far, exclaimed, in a suppressed voice of awe:

"How silent it is here!"

"Ay, my boy," said his father, "this is the place of silence. Those we are going to visit are the silent indeed."

The child looked wistfully at the man, and stole back to the sunshine, and we passed on without him to a low door in an archway, which the sacristan opened with ponderous keys—a mockery, as it seemed to me, of the peaceful prisoners within.

Of the size of that chamber of death I cannot speak. It did not seem very large, and the stone roof bent down low overhead; but it was full, quite full. All round the walls double and treble tiers of coffins were piled up to the height of several feet—lengthways, crossways, upright; and in the centre space stood several large coffins, on tressels, evidently of more recent date than the rest. One of those nearest the outer door was of handsome crimson velvet, and in the darkness I had rested against it to regain a little of the composure which the first sight of the vault had disturbed.

"That is the coffin of poor Archbishop L——," said the sacristan.

I started, for the good old man had once been near me in *life*, when, as a child, I had been at sea on a stormy night, and had stolen up on deck above. He had made me sit beside him and share his warm cloak, and I had afterwards learned to connect his name with that kindly shelter given to an unknown child. Now he was beside me again—poor old man!—but had no warmth to offer more.

The single candle borne by my guide glimmered feebly in the thick air of the vault, and it was some time before we could estimate where there was any probability of finding a coffin of the age of the one we sought. There were some, as I have said, quite recent, and others evidently of great age. The oaken lids had been broken or were removed, and within lay something, vaguely defined, one did not dare to look at too closely. Others, again, might have belonged to the last century; and among these the sacristan commenced his search. I confess I did not watch his search with any great interest. The object which had brought me there, and many other things besides, seemed too small to be regarded in that place, where the one only great event of human existence was commemorated. The sight of the dead was at all times to me the source of an awe which amounted to physical pain, like a stone-cold hand laid on the heart; and in going down into the vault I had not been sorry to accept the occasion for overcoming such feelings. But even they were forgotten when actually there. There was no disgust—no terror—only the one clear idea brought out into the foreground of thought till it filled the whole horizon—"DEATH!"

The man laboured on while I stood pondering. Coffin after coffin he had looked over—examining the names upon the plates. They had all belonged to men of rank, usually such as held some temporary high office and had died in the city away from their ancestral mausoleums. One was surmounted by a ducal coronet, another by that of an earl. Then came mitres of bishops and

archbishops. As the dust lay thick over all, the sacristan had recourse to the expedient of pouring a drop or two from his candle on each plate, and rubbing it till the inscription became legible. Then, with doubtful voice, he spelled out, "The most noble the Marquis of —!" "His Grace the Lord Primate!" "The Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice —!" and so on, and so on. On some of the plates were coats-of-arms well known to me; on others names which had been familiar from childhood, whose portraits had hung round the walls of my home. Those pompous titles, deciphered now with a farthing candle in their dim vaults—those dust-engrained armorial bearings—those miserable tarnished coronets and mitres—no language can tell how pitiful they seemed.

At length the sacristan paused. If the coffin we sought was anywhere, it was buried under a pile of others, which could not have been moved without dreadful disclosures. We had been nearly an hour in the vault, and I begged him to desist from further search and come away. Before doing so, however, he looked round for a few moments, and approached a coffin whose lid was broken off, and within which some poor remnants of mortality lay visible under the yellow winding-sheet and the dust accumulated over it. Out of this the man lifted carefully a singular object. It was a large Heart of solid silver, and within it, when shaken, might be heard a faint sound, proving, doubtless, that it enclosed another which once had beaten in a human breast.

"This was brought over from France," said the sacristan, "long years ago, by a French nobleman. They say it was at the time of the French Revolution. He kept it with him till he died, and then he ordered it to be buried with him in his coffin. No one knows anything more of it, or remembers the name of the nobleman; but each sacristan receives it when he undertakes his office here, and transmits it safely to his successor. See! it is a beautiful mass of rough silver, not tarnished in the least!"

No; it was not tarnished! Those tinsel coronets and mitres and crests

were all soiled and rusted; but the SILVER HEART, the fitting casket and type of human love, was unhurt by the mouldering decay of the sepulchre. I should vainly strive to describe the happy revulsion of feeling which the sight of that heart caused in me. I had been reading the lesson of the paltriness and misery of mortal pride and ambition in those pompous titles graven on the rotting coffin-lids in the vault, till it seemed as if the whole summary of our history was "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"—

"A life of nothings—nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere our birth,
To that last nothing under earth."

But here was a lesson of another kind—LOVE. The love of which that heart was the memorial was not of the things which rust and perish in the grave. Honour and power all ended in that vault of death; their owners brought them just so far, and then left them on their coffin-lids. But Love had not ended when the faithful friend who had cherished its memorial through exile and bereavement was laid low in that sepulchral chamber, with his long-hoarded treasure by his side. There was a Beyond for Love, though not for Pride. Life here below was not all transitory and vain, with hopes and passions ending in the disgrace and ruin of the grave—a chain of "yester-days"—

"... Which have but lighted kings
The way to dusty death..."

There was somewhat therein which might survive and endure for ever; somewhat beside the divine aspirations of religion; somewhat purely human and yet susceptible of immortality; somewhat which would not be laid by like the coronets and crests and mitres in the grave.

I took the Silver Heart reverently from the sacristan, and as I held it in my hands I thought: "Perchance that love which once made the little handful of dust herein to kindle and throb is at this very hour a living love in heaven, filling with the joy of the immortals two glorified souls in the paradise of God."

ONE IN THE CROWD.

APRIL 10TH, 1864.

OVER the bridges and through the streets,
 By tens of thousands the people pour ;
 Till, like a sea in its surge and roar,
 The crowd round column and statue meets ;
 Waiting through hours of the waning day,
 To look upon one who must pass this way.

He comes, he comes ! and the people press
 Close to his side, for no guards are there ;
 A pale, worn face and a kingly air,
 And hands held forth as if fain to bless,
 They see, and the faces far and wide
 Turn, yearn toward him with love and pride.

"I have seen him," cried one in the crowd,
 A youth who ran on with flashing eyes
 And a look that no seeing satisfies,
 To gaze again, and, abashed yet proud,
 To bask in the smiles from his hero won,
 To the deeds in his soul as the ripening sun.

"I have touched him," said one in the crowd,
 A faded woman, her face in a glow
 That lighted the traces of care and woe.
 "What is he to you ?" I had thought aloud,
 But that face rebuked me : her faith was strong
 In the good that triumphs o'er woe and wrong.

He fought for another land than theirs—
 For a land they never saw—what then ?
 Shall they not love him, a man among men,
 In whose nobleness each of them shares ?
 What things are dearest under the sky ?
 Here is a man who for these would die !

ISA CRAIG.

KANT AND SWEDENBORG.

MANY centuries ago, Königsberg began to grow up around a fort, which was one of the outposts of Christianity against a form of Paganism that had long dragged on its existence amid the dense woods that line the south-eastern shore of the Baltic Sea. When the struggle was ended, the town expanded into a trading-port, and in the sixteenth century a careful ruler placed in it a university for the civilizing of the rude population scattered over the surrounding country. The new university seems to have done its work soberly enough, but probably quite as well as could have been expected, time and place considered, and it served at least, by its very presence, to remind busy townsmen of something higher than buying and selling. But in the eighteenth century, it left off witnessing mutely of better things, and suddenly became a real power in the town and district. Not that the trade had begun to fall off, for down at the river the bustle was greater than before, but it was noticed that the citizens spoke often now about the university and the professors. Besides, strangers (other than sea-captains) came in numbers every year from remote parts of Germany and from different countries, some bent on study, others curious to see on what an unlikely spot the muses were cultivated with such success and fame. Now, it so happened that among the professors, the townspeople had most to say of their own Kant, and it was the same Kant that strangers were most anxious to see.

Kant was a true son of Königsberg. He said often that his grandfather had come from Scotland, and for a long time wrote his name Cant in orthodox Scotch fashion, but he himself saw the light first in the capital of Ost-Preussen. As a boy, he played about among the

warehouses and beside the ships, and then was sent by his thrifty parents to the university. They wished that their son should enter the Church, and he did indeed apply himself to theology; but at last he yielded to his own very decided preference for science and philosophy. When the student-days were ended, he had to leave his loved Königsberg, to become a house-tutor in the country; but he never went beyond his native province, and often resided during the winter in the old familiar place, when the noble families of the province came up to town. This mode of life lasted a few years, he studying busily all the while; until, at the age of thirty, he came back finally to the old spot, and began his professorial career. During the remaining fifty years of his life, he may be said never to have lost sight of the church-steeple of Königsberg.

He devoted himself steadily to his academical duties, observed very narrowly everything that came within his horizon, thought harder than any man alive, and wrote, for the most part, dry books. That was his life—the life, one would suppose, of a man with narrow sympathies, and indifferent to anything but a distorted ideal world of his own. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Kant was too poor to travel, and knew other countries only from books, and newspapers, and hearsay; but he knew them very thoroughly. Philosopher as he was, he would converse more readily with an English skipper, who could tell him of distant lands, than with the heaviest of the heavy metaphysicians who sought his presence. Books of travels were always welcome to him, and much more welcome than other men's speculations when he had once become conscious of having outstripped his philosophic brethren. From his

remote abode on the Baltic coast, he had his eye upon everything going on in the distant world. In his prime, he rejoiced with the Americans when they won their independence, and in his old age he hoped and trembled by turns as the French Revolution unfolded itself.

Kant's disposition to trouble himself little about the speculations of his contemporaries became decided, as has been hinted above, only when his own system had acquired shape after long years of protracted meditation. During those years he had been sufficiently open to impressions from without, and he eagerly appropriated and weighed in the balance all philosophical novelties that had any bearing on the matter of his own thoughts. For instance, we see him in those early years much occupied with the pretensions of Swedenborg, the great Scandinavian mystic, and it must be interesting to note the most rigid thinker of the century face to face with the gigantic dreamer. Perhaps it may be even useful to learn what a singularly calm and clear intellect thought of the most daring of all spiritual enthusiasts, seeing how strong a front is still shown by those who make believe that they know all the depths of the *arcana celestia*.

Swedenborg is so familiar a name that a short description of him, given by Kant himself in one place, will suffice to introduce him. "There lives," we read, "in Stockholm a certain Herr Swedenborg, in a private station and "in the enjoyment of a considerable "fortune. His whole occupation, by "his own account, consists in holding "converse with spirits and departed "souls. He gets from them the news "of the other world, giving them in "return the news of this; and, when "he has done composing big books "about his discoveries, he travels, from "time to time, to London to have them "published. He is not at all reticent "with his secrets, but speaks freely about "them to anybody, and he appears to "be perfectly convinced of the truth of "his stories, having nothing of the

"knowing cheat or charlatan about "him."

This is Kant's account of Swedenborg in 1766, taken from a work to be alluded to farther on. But there is a still earlier notice, of which something must first be said.

In 1758 Kant was a lecturer of three or four years' standing in the university, and had already begun to draw the attention of his colleagues and of the public without. His subject was mathematics and physical science, but he was known to have studied philosophy with great care. He had already thought much independently, but had hardly as yet struck into that line of speculation which led after a long period to the publication of the "Critique of Pure Reason." A young lady had written to him, asking information and an opinion concerning the strange stories afloat of Swedenborg's dealings with spirits, and Kant's reply has been preserved.

The letter begins in the style of laboured compliment fashionable at the time, which, along with the other accomplishments of a gentleman, Kant had learned to perfection when he mixed as a house-tutor in the best society of the province. He protests that he is little disposed by nature to be very credulous, but allows that his old indifference to all manner of idle ghost-stories has been much shaken, on finding that people like the Queen of Sweden and divers staid ambassadors have deposed to a real case of communion with spirits, which they assert that Swedenborg has given them proof of. He (Kant) wrote to the wondrous man himself, to make more searching inquiries, and, although he has received no answer, he has been assured by an English friend who visited Swedenborg at Stockholm, that the seer took his inquiries kindly, and means to answer them in the book he is about to publish in London. To gratify the laudable curiosity of his fair correspondent, he will add two new stories, which he has on good authority. The one concerns the discovery of a missing paper which had long been vainly sought, and which

lay hidden until Swedenborg, after consulting with the departed spirit who had in his lifetime concealed it, indicated a certain secret drawer unknown to all the world, as well as himself, previously. The other story relates how, one evening, immediately on his arrival in Gothenburg from England, Swedenborg announced to a large company that he saw a fearful conflagration raging at the moment in Stockholm (more than two hundred miles distant), and that his own house was in danger; how he continued in a very excited state for an hour or more, until, at last, he exclaimed joyfully, that, God be thanked, the fire had been extinguished just two doors from his; finally, how, a day or two later, the post came in, and verified his assertions to the minutest particular. Tales like these, thinks Kant, are not to be thrown aside with a mere smile, but, seeing they admit of proof or disproof, should be diligently searched into. For himself, he regrets not to be able to see Swedenborg in person, because he could cross-question him more minutely than any of his informants seem to have done, or been able to do. Yet it is a slippery business at best, and better men than he can hardly hope to make much of it. Meanwhile he waits with impatience till the promised book shall appear; but then he will be delighted to communicate to his young friend the best opinion he finds himself able to form.

The book did appear, and we may hope that Kant kept his promise to the curious young lady; but, if he wrote, his letter exists no longer. How far, too, he felt himself satisfied at the time, we do not know. The tone of his first letter is diffident enough, and is the tone of a man who is cautiously feeling his way. When he next alludes to Swedenborg, we note a very marked difference in his manner. In 1766 he published a small book, entitled, "Dreams of a Spirit-seer, interpreted by Dreams of Metaphysic." In the interval, Kant had become a notable man in the university, partly because he had already shown what his powers

were, partly because it was seen that there was more behind. He gave less attention now to the physical sciences, and was plunged in the speculations, which, when published five years later, were to make an epoch in the history of philosophy. He had gone already far enough to have a touchstone of his own for the proving of other men's thoughts, and wrote like a man conscious of his power. The work, named above, not only gives us the best insight into Kant's thoughts at this interesting period, but it is important in another respect. It shows a side of Kant which is hardly known to exist. The few in this country who study, or need to study, the great thinker in his own pages, begin and generally end with the "Critique of Pure Reason." The book is confessedly dry and difficult (it was made intentionally so), and the author comes to be regarded as one who could express his thoughts only in the most beggarly fashion. De Quincey speaks of sentences in the book which "have been measured by the carpenter; and some of them run two feet eight by six inches." Kant is looked upon, accordingly, as the type of all that is wearisome, formal, and severe. It is, then, a most agreeable surprise to learn (as many have learned from a pleasant essay by the critic just named) that the ponderous thinker, who might have been supposed to subsist entirely on unsatisfying metaphysical abstractions, became quite human after mid-day, and dined very heartily, and always in the company of one or two guests. The surprise will be as great, if it is next asserted that Kant could write not only well, but even in a very racy style, when he chose. So much is abundantly proved by "The Dreams of a Spirit-seer," and it would not be easy to find pages which cover up more delicate irony, or are relieved by more genial humour.

Here is part of Kant's apology for the subject of his book:—"Because it is as absurd a prejudice to disbelieve without cause every story, how likely soever it may be, as it is to believe

"everything without examination, the author of this work, to rid his mind of the first prejudice, suffered himself to be carried off some little way by the second. He confesses, with a certain self-abasement, that he was simple-hearted enough to search out the truthfulness of some spirit-stories. He found—as commonly happens when there is nothing to seek—he found nothing. Now, this of itself might appear reason enough for writing a book; but there was added something besides, which has often extorted books from modest authors—to wit, the pressing entreaties of friends, known and unknown. Moreover, a ponderous book had been purchased; and, still worse, had been read, and all this trouble was surely not to go for nothing. Hence arose the present treatise, which, the author flatters himself, will perfectly satisfy the reader as to the nature of the subject discussed therein; for a large part he will not comprehend, something of the rest he will not believe, and the remainder he will laugh at."

In giving some account of this work of Kant's—which has a historical, as well as an intrinsic, importance—it will be best to allow the author to speak, as far as possible, for himself; and the originality and the piquancy of the argument will come out most clearly, if we follow it as it stands. The treatise consists of two parts, a dogmatical, and a historical; the first giving a possible theory of spirit, the second dealing with the actual experiences of Swedenborg.

A tangled metaphysical knot, which may be untied or cut asunder at will, presents itself first. There is nothing, we are told, that children, and people of all kinds up to philosophers, talk so much of as spirits, and nothing that one and all of them comprehend so imperfectly. What the child pretends to know perfectly, he is sure to know nothing of at all when he becomes a man; and, if he turn philosopher, he will be, at best, a sophist in the defence of his childish fancies. The

very fact of our inability to conceive spirits clearly, shows that they do not belong to our daily experience, and that we *infer* them rather. But that does not prove that we infer wrongly. If we add up all the floating conceptions of spirit, we find the sum to be something like this—A spirit is a simple substance, possessed of reason, which can exist in a space occupied already by matter, and which, along with any number of its like, can never make a solid whole. Such a substance may be hardly intelligible to us, but it is not therefore impossible. The repulsive force residing in material atoms, and giving matter its impenetrability, is, strictly speaking, also unintelligible, but must be assumed to be more than possible. Let us then suppose a substance, *in* space, but not filling space, because its constituent forces are not those of matter; and we have an immaterial entity, inconceivable indeed, but whose impossibility is undemonstrable. If any one can ground the possibility of spirit more easily, Kant, who in his inquiries thinks he sees often an Alp before him where others see only a gentle ascent, will be happy to listen. But, the human soul is generally said to be a spiritual entity, and we are bound to suppose that the soul, as spirit, is all in the whole body, and all in every part of it. Any other supposition, as that the soul resides in one portion of the brain, can easily be proved to be absurd. Kant would like to assert the existence of spirits in the world, and to hold his own soul for one. But how it comes about that a material body and an immaterial spirit can make together one whole, passes his understanding, and he is not ashamed to confess it.

We get next a fragment of secret philosophy, designed to establish a communion with the spirit-world. Spirits having been supposed possible, it is easy to take the next step and suppose that they form among themselves in all their grades a spiritual company, a *mundus intelligibilis*. The soul of a man would thus belong to two worlds. At death, it would break connexion with the world

of matter, and prosecute without interruption its existence, begun before, in the world of spirit. Why, says Kant, mince matters, and not at once rise to the true academical tone, which sets one free from the trammels of reason? Be it boldly announced, that the intercommunion of all spirits has been demonstrated, or might be, if one took the trouble, or assuredly will be at some future period. Still, it might be well to find some little ground in experience for this supreme assumption, and, for want of better, take the following. The weight we attach to the opinions of other people about ourselves, and the anxiety we show to bring the whole world to our own way of thinking, might seem to point to the existence of a universal understanding, of which all individual intelligences form part. (Kant is treading somewhat closely upon the heels of Averroes.) More important still, we all recognise the dependence of our wills on the wills of others, when we have to act. Hence arise our moral sentiments. The necessity we feel of shaping our actions according to a rule without and above us, might be held as evidence of the dependence of the individual will upon a universal will. This universal will could appear as a real force, holding together all spiritual natures, and making of them a community under purely spiritual laws. In our world, an intention, good or bad, counts often for nothing, because physical laws may frustrate it; but in the spiritual world, not a jot of moral purpose need fail of its effect. Hence, the human soul, as a spirit, might occupy, already in this life, that place in the great spiritual community to which its *whole* moral worth entitled it, and, when death came to set it free from matter, it would live on a denizen of the spirit-world, in the grade it had won by the worth of all the thoughts conceived, as well as of all the acts done, in the body. Thus the present and the future would make one whole; and, because these suggestions recognise an order in Nature, they have a value which mere arbitrary suppositions cannot pretend to.

But, if so much can be said for a community of all spirits, how comes it that we are so little conscious of the part that we and others play therein? Simply because, though it is the same subject that has the double life, it is not exactly the same person. Yet we are not to suppose that the two modes of existence lie, in all cases, for ever apart. We seek to make our highest rational conceptions clearer by embodying them, and it may be possible to do something similar for the impressions we receive as spirits among spirits. Persons whose mental organs are peculiarly irritable and apt to work in sympathy with the soul in its spiritual moods, may sometimes translate a spiritual state into common language, or even lend a human form to the spirits with whom they happen at any time to stand in relation. A spiritual state would thus be apprehended as a sensible impression, although it would have no external material cause. Most people would say bluntly that the senses were cheated and call the condition a disease, with perfect correctness. It would be a state resembling that of the common phantast, who confounds mere fancies with real sensations; the fact of the existence of a real spiritual cause being practically unimportant. And this explains all spirit-seeing. Of course a spirit can never be seen by bodily eyes, because a spirit is allowed to be immaterial; it can, at most, act only on the soul, and be falsely represented as external. Hence the gift of spirit-seeing comes to be a very questionable one. What may have a very good meaning in the spiritual republic, becomes only a source of confusion here, and whoever sees spirits sees them at the expense of half his human wits. He is like Tiresias, who was made a prophet after he had been made blind. Certain philosophers, who keep their metaphysical telescopes turned to the remotest of regions, are hardly to be envied, and the man of common sense should remember what the coachman said to Tycho Brahe, who thought to drive overnight by the shortest road to the stars: "Good Master, you know perhaps a

"great deal about heaven, but here, upon the earth, you are—a fool."

So much on the constructive side, and now for the Anti-cabala. Another fragment of secret philosophy breaks up all communion with the spirit-world, in this wise. Aristotle says: "When we wake, we have a common world; when we dream, each has his own." Reverse the last clause, and there is still a good meaning. When a man has a world of his own, he is sure to be dreaming. Two or three philosophers, we are told, who have lately created every thing out of nothing, with the help of only one or two general conceptions, like the Thinkable and its opposite, are certainly to be taken for dreamers, and people must have patience, until (so God will!) they awake. They dream with their reason; certain others dream with their senses. Some of these last can separate the phantasm from the reality, and, when they deceive themselves, do it consciously; but the rest are deceived in spite of themselves, and such are the spirit-seers. What causes the spirit-seer to regard certain impressions as external, which affect no other man in the same way? All allow that a sensation is accompanied by a nervous process, and philosophers from the time of Descartes assert that a physical process in the brain accompanies also the ideal revival of an old impression. Whatever be the real nature of the two processes, we have usually no difficulty in distinguishing their respective results, the sensation and the idea. But it seems to be the fact that, in certain disorders of the brain, the necessary distinction can no longer be made, and the idea may assume the character of a sensation. This is seen in certain forms of madness, &c. Because the state is abnormal, a very slight derangement is often laid hold of by the mind and magnified to a high degree. Further, the illusion may take place in one sense and fail in another; in which case the fictitious outward object is at once perceived and not perceived, and becomes invested with a half reality. Thus the patient may see something before him, but he may regard it as im-

perfectly solid, and accordingly see other things through and beyond it. Now, this corresponds very closely to the vulgar notion of spirit, and goes far to explain all spirit-seeing. The mind, unhealthily stuffed with ghost-stories from infancy, hunts out spirits on every possible occasion, though the occasion be only a slight organic derangement. But, woe betide the phantast who yields to the temptation once! There exists for him no remedy. His senses mislead him, but he will trust his lying senses rather than all the arguments of other men. This simple explanation plays sad havoc with the fine speculations put forth above. But Kant never meant to claim for them any practical value, and, now that the communion of spirits fades into smoke, he can blame none of his readers for holding spirit-seers as fit inmates for hospitals, rather than citizens of two worlds. Let spirit-seers be medically cared for and not burned as of old. The acute Hudibras hinted once at this new mode of treatment, and it would be hard to devise a better.

What, asks Kant, by way of conclusion to the dogmatical part, causes men to trouble themselves about a kind of existence lying so remote from daily experience? It can be only the hope of a future life. This it was that set men of lively fancy to create beings whose existence was thought to chime in with and strengthen human hopes and wishes. Then came the philosophers, who sought to give a reason for the new creation. The same philosophers could not account for the origin of man, nor explain the bond that held together matter and spirit, but neither they nor the unlearned could endure to be ignorant of the future. It is easy to deny a single case of spirit-seeing, but not so easy, in view of the assumed consequences, to disbelieve the whole mass of instances. The reader has a right to his own opinion; Kant, who cannot deny the greatness of the interest at stake, will hold himself serious and undecided upon the matter. But one thing he will do; he will henceforth cast the subject from out his thoughts. About spirit, men can

have opinions only ; knowledge never. The subject has been exhausted, because we have come to know that the knowledge of spirit is not for us.

We have reached the historical part, and shall find that Kant has a sly, sometimes almost malicious, way of putting things, which for his purpose is effective enough. The object of the present paper is not criticism, and the question will not be raised whether Kant does his hero always full justice. He will be allowed, as heretofore, to state his own case ; but it is always something to be able to listen when a man like Kant speaks.

He thinks that nothing drives philosophers into a corner like stories about spirits. For, on the one hand, they dare not doubt absolutely where the mass of supporting testimony is so great, and, on the other hand, they must not believe, else they are laughed at. Spirit-stories, in short, are very generally believed, but nobody likes to allow that he believes them. Because Kant finds it difficult to decide upon stories like the following, he commends them heartily to the judgment of his readers. (The eight quarto volumes, packed with nonsense. But, as the larger part of it is given as his own real experience, it has a greater value for us than any amount of mere speculation on the same subjects. His style is very flat, but he really believes what he says, and this concerns us quite specially at present. Kant will, therefore, separate the real visions from the weak arguments with which they are mixed up, and strive to give the quintessence of the book in a few drops. The reader may spare a few moments, which he might employ worse in reading heavy works on the same subject, and will, doubtless, in the end, thank the author, as a certain patient thanked his doctor for prescribing only a little Peruvian bark, when he might have ordered the whole tree to be swallowed.

Philosophers who take the "high priori road" and have a very natural

dislike to the tedious business of keeping to facts, do often, nevertheless, in the most wonderful way, light upon real facts at the end of their airy journey. The secret is, that they meant to do so from the beginning, and wisely steered their course thitherwards ; but simple on-lookers, believing that the result was unforeseen, fall into raptures over the sublime process. Kant is afraid he will be charged with employing this hollow artifice if now, after reasoning about spirits, he begins to adduce Swedenborg's instances. A moment's consideration will free him of the charge. For it will be seen that the instances, instead of strengthening the reasoning, are sure to bring it into disrepute. If Swedenborg's experiences in any case fall in with the previous arguments, it must be either because there is much more in these experiences than at first sight appears, or because some chance coincidences occur. A raving poet has often made a lucky hit, and has firmly believed thereafter that he was a prophet.

Swedenborg's great work contains

Swedenborg holds communion with spirits in three ways. He can, first, be set free from the body, and see, and even *feel*, spirits. Again, he may be carried away in spirit to distant regions,

and see real things there, although all the while he may continue at his proper business—say walking in the street—and be in no danger of going astray. He has been in the first state three or four times; in the second, twice or thrice. Finally, he can, while wide-awake, keep up converse with the spirit-world; this is his daily and hourly condition, and the source of most of his knowledge.

We learn, then, that all men are in spiritual communion, but only they are not aware of it. Swedenborg himself is, because the Divine Mercy has opened the eyes of his spiritual understanding. Spirits affect only the inner sense, but still they somehow appear in human form; and, what is strange, although as spirits they can communicate their ideas directly, they seem to speak in Swedenborg's own language. They see his inmost soul, and read there his thoughts about this world, but they are blind enough to fancy that they behold real objects, whereas, of course, it is only thoughts they see. This comes of their inner eye being partially darkened, like that of all mankind, save one. Hence Swedenborg is the sole medium between the two worlds. Spirits, attached to matter and unattached, live in grades according to their moral excellence, and mundane separations in space have no effect among them. They do, indeed, represent to themselves moral distinctions as if they were distances in space, but that is not remarkable, after what has gone before. Every spirit reflects all its surroundings, and this explains how Swedenborg can know what is going on in Saturn. He has only to look into the spirit of a Saturnian. Material existences of every kind exist only by reason of the animating spirit. Thus, everything in the visible world has a meaning as a *thing*, which is little, and a meaning as a *sign*, which is much. Hence arises Swedenborg's principle of Scriptural exegesis. When he speaks of matter as the product of spiritual activity, a philosopher would call him an idealist, but his idealism has a character of its own. For the parts of a single material existence (say a human body), correspond

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respectively to special powers in the creative spirit. Nay, more, all the individual creations and embodiments of the whole sum of spirits unite to form one grand society, which (as usual) takes the human figure, but this time colossal, and the component spirits range themselves in the places for which they are fitted. The stupendous frame encloses them all, and binds them together in constant communion. Kant can only suppose that a childish fancy out of his school-days, as when a teacher likens a tract of country on a map to the form of a girl sitting, must have suggested this monstrous phantom to its creator: and he declines to follow the most provoking of phantasts any longer. If he were to attempt to give the immediate intuitions of the wild dreamer, they could only disturb the reader's rest at night, and, for so much consideration, he begs not to be blamed if any one's fruitful fancy, worked upon by the foregoing, begets a moon-calf. The economical reader, without expending seven pounds sterling upon the book, has now a fair notion of its contents, and all can see that there is nothing in it admitting of the faintest proof. Kant lays down the book with the remark, that a sober habit of thought is a simple thing, but, alas! only after one's fingers have been burned.

So we come back to the starting-point, ignorant as at first. Kant is not altogether of this mind, and thinks that, if he has lost his time in one sense, he has gained it in another. Metaphysic has a double function. It sometimes, if rarely, is able to clear up a doubtful point; it can always serve to fix the bounds of human knowledge. (This is Kant all over, and, occurring here, shows that he had already settled with himself a fundamental idea in his system.) If the reader complain of having been led on a goose-chase, he need never be fooled again. No one can have power to tempt him from the solid ground of experience, on which he stands once more, if he be now convinced that he can never leave it with impunity, and that it affords him everything that he needs for the guidance of his life.

And now, a word of practical conclusion to the whole. The man of science sets no bounds to his search after knowledge, except what his own impotence supplies. The wise man chooses amid many aims that which he believes it possible for him to reach. Science goes roaming through far regions, and ends with muttering gloomily: "How much there is beyond my comprehension!" Reason, ripened by experience, and growing into wisdom, says, with Socrates in the market-place, "How much there is beyond my needs!" But science and wisdom join hands at last. For, when science has proved a thing to be incomprehensible, wisdom troubles itself about it no more; and thus it is that metaphysic (*mirabile dictu!*) may become the handmaiden of wisdom. Until a thing is proved to lie beyond us, the *wise* simplicity, which suspected the result beforehand, is decried as a *stolid* simplicity. Certain questions concerning spirits, freedom of will, &c. have become so familiar to us that we think to comprehend them. It requires a little philosophy to show their difficulty; a little more discloses to us that we shall never solve them. Philosophy reduces complicated phenomena to the general principles of cause and effect, active force, &c. but, having done so much, she retires. The rest we must take upon faith, as facts of experience. How my will moves my arms is to me as mysterious as that it should move the moon. Only, I know by experience that it does the one operation, and never does the other. I recognise within me certain changes, as taking place in a living subject, viz. thoughts, volitions, &c.; I feel myself driven to infer the existence of something, distinct from matter, as the cause of them. But whether this something can act, separated from matter, now or hereafter, and according to laws peculiar to itself, is what I have no means of knowing. All theorizing about these things is only the heaping up of fictions. We do not proceed thus in explaining physical phenomena. True, we form hypotheses, but we assume only forces or laws known to exist, and never think

of inventing new fundamental relations of cause and effect, as when we are explaining spiritual things. Of course, it is easy to explain, when new forces and new laws may be invented at will. We are bound to wait till, perhaps in a future life, new experiences disclose to us new principles, which may be applied in the explanation of mysteries insolvable at present. The attraction between bodies was made known by Newton, when certain experiences had pointed to it; but, if any one before him had assumed it, without the experiences, he would very properly have been laughed at. The analogy holds with reference to spirit. It is very possible that all this talk points to a reality, but we can never be sure of it here. Then, what is the use of founding on certain supposed experiences a general law, which can never unite the suffrages of all mankind? Because the experiences are not those of every man, they lose all their force, and the assumed law, not being universal, sets at rest nothing.

But an explanation, besides being impossible, is useless. Science tries to excuse its idle vanity in discussing these matters by asserting that we can be convinced of a future life only if we have a certain knowledge of the spiritual nature of the soul, and that belief in a future life is needed to make men virtuous; idle curiosity adds that ghost-seeing is the proof from experience. But true wisdom, in this case, prefers the guidance of the heart, and rejects the aid of allies so suspicious. What? (asks Kant, now fairly roused and all a-glow with indignation) is it good to be virtuous only because there is another world? or shall our actions not much rather be rewarded there because they are good and virtuous? Is he to be called honest or virtuous who hugs the evil to his heart, but is lashed into the performance of good deeds by a craven fear of future punishment? Many there are, learned in all the mysteries of the life to be, who give themselves up to the practice of ill, and think only how by cunning they may escape the impending doom; but never yet could a righteous soul endure the

thought that with death all was ended. Only the moral belief in a future state is fit for human nature or compatible with pure morality. All speculating about things so remote should be cast aside or left to those who idle away their days. Human reason never had wings to cleave the depth of cloud that hides the mysteries of the other world from human eyes, and it were better to wait till we find ourselves there. But, as it is very likely that our future fate depends on our conduct here, there can be no fitter conclusion to the whole business than the words put by Voltaire into the mouth of his *Candide*, after long and useless wranglings: "Let us look to our concerns, and go into the garden and work."

This we are to take as Kant's last word on the spirit-question. Much later in life he makes (in his "*Anthropology*") a passing allusion to Swedenborg, but only to cite him as the type of a class of fan-

tastical inquirers found among men. A few more years set Kant high above all his fellows, and made Königsberg a place of note; but the wise old man who never went into the world, but to whom the world came abundantly, preached to the last that there were some things that no man could settle, and amongst these was the question of spirit. It was easy, he would say, to overthrow materialism, but the man who made a philosophical dogma out of spirit and its ways stood also upon quicksands. Then he would retire within the lines of the great moral law, and proclaim that, while this was the only sure bulwark against endless doubt, it enabled, nay commanded, men to do with their might what their right hand found to do, leaving unraised and unsettled all vain and impossible questions. If we of the present have gone beyond Kant in some things, we have still somewhat to learn from him here.

A FRENCH ETON.

PART III.

THE State mars everything which it touches, say some. It attempts to do things for private people, and private people could do them a great deal better for themselves. "The State," says the *Times*, "can hardly aid education without "cramping and warping its growth, and "mischievously interfering with the laws "of its natural development." "Why "should persons in Downing Street," asks Dr. Temple, "be at all better qualified than the rest of the world for "regulating these matters?" Happily, however, this agency, at once so mischievous and so blundering, is in our country little used. "In this country," says the *Times* again, "people cannot complain of the State, because the State "never promised them anything, but, on

"contrary, always told them it could do the "them no good. The result is, none are "fed with false hopes." So it is, and so it will be to the end. "This is some- "thing more than a system with us; "it is usage, it is a necessity. We shall "go on for ages doing as we have "done."

Whether this really is so or not, it seems as if it ought not to be so. "Government," says Burke (to go back to Burke again), "is a contrivance of human "wisdom to provide for human wants. "Men have a right that these wants "should be provided for by this wisdom." We are a free people, we have made our own Government. Our own wisdom has planned our contrivance for providing for our own wants. And what sort of

a contrivance has our wisdom made? According to the *Times*, a contrivance of which the highest merit is, that it candidly avows its own impotency. It does not provide for our wants, but then it "always told us" it could not provide for them. It does not fulfil its function, but then it "never fed us with false hopes" that it would. It is perfectly useless, but perfectly candid. And it will always remain what it is now; it will always be a contrivance which contrives nothing: this with us "is usage, it is a necessity." Good heavens! what a subject for self-congratulation! What bitterer satire on us and our institutions could our worst enemy invent?

Dr. Temple may well ask, "Why should persons in Downing Street be at 'all better qualified than the rest of the world for regulating such matters as 'education?'" Why should not a sporting rector in Norfolk, or a fanatical cobbler in Northamptonshire, be just as good a judge what is wise, equitable, and expedient in public education, as an Education Minister? Why, indeed? The Education Minister is a part of our contrivance for providing for our wants, and we have seen what that contrivance is worth. It might have been expected, perhaps, that in contriving a provision for a special want, we should have sought for some one with a special skill. But we know that our contrivance will do no good, so we may as well let Nimrod manage as Numa.

From whence can have arisen, in this country, such contemptuous disparagement of the efficiency and utility of State-action? Whence such studied depreciation of an agency which to Burke, or, indeed, to any reflecting man, appears an agency of the greatest possible power and value? For several reasons. In the first place, the Government of this country is, and long has been, in the hands of the aristocratic class. Where the aristocracy is a small oligarchy, able to find employment for all its members in the administration of the State, it is not the enemy, but the friend of State-action; for State-action is then but its own action under another

name, and it is itself directly aggrandized by all that aggrandizes the State. But where, as in this country, the aristocracy is a very large class, by no means conterminous with the executive, but overlapping it and spreading far beyond it, it is the natural enemy rather than the friend of State-action; for only a small part of its members can directly administer the State, and it is not for the interest of the remainder to give to this small part an excessive preponderance. Nay, this small part will not be apt to seek it; for its interest in its order is permanent, while its interest in State-function is transitory, and it obeys an instinct which attaches it by preference to its order. The more an aristocracy has of that profound political sense by which the English aristocracy is so much distinguished, the more its members obey this instinct; and, by doing so, they signally display their best virtues, moderation, prudence, sagacity; they prevent fruitful occasions of envy, dissension, and strife; they do much to insure the permanence of their order, its harmonious action, and continued predominance. A tradition unfavourable to much State-action in home concerns (foreign are another thing) is thus insensibly established in the Government itself. This tradition—this essentially aristocratic sentiment—gains even those members of the Government who are not of the aristocratic class. In the beginning they are overpowered by it; in the end they share it. When the shepherd Daphnis first arrives in heaven, he naturally bows to the august traditions of his new sphere—*candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi*. By the time the novelty of his situation has worn off, he has come to think just as the immortals do; he is now by conviction the foe of State-interference; the worthy Daphnis is all for letting things alone—*amat bonus otia Daphnis*.

Far from trying to encroach upon individual liberty, far from seeking to get everything into its own hands, such a government has a natural and instinctive tendency to limit its own functions. It turns away from offers of increased re-

sponsibility or activity ; it deprecates them. To propose increased responsibility and activity to an aristocratic government is the worst possible way of paying one's court to it. The *Times* is its genuine mouthpiece, when it says that the business of Government, in domestic concerns, is negative—to prevent disorder, jobbery, and extravagance ; that it need “ have no notion of securing “ the future, not even of regulating the “ present ; ” that it may and ought to “ leave the course of events to regulate “ itself, and trust the future to the “ security of the unknown laws of human “ nature and the unseen influences of “ higher powers.” This is the true aristocratic theory of civil government : to have recourse as little as possible to State-action, to the collective action of the community ; to leave as much as possible to the individual, to local government. And why ? Because the members of an aristocratic class are preponderating individuals, with the local government in their hands. No wonder they do not wish to see the State overshadowing them and ordering them about. Since the feudal epoch, the palmy time of local government, the State has overlaid individual action quite enough. Mr. Adderley remembers with a sigh that “ Houses of Correction were once voluntary institutions.” Go a little further back, and the court of justice was a voluntary institution, the gallows was a voluntary institution—voluntary, I mean, in Mr. Adderley's sense of the word voluntary—not depending on the State, but on the local government, on the lord of the soil, on the preponderating individual. The State has overlaid the feudal gallows, it has overlaid the feudal court of justice, it has overlaid the feudal House of Correction, and finally, says Mr. Adderley, “ it has overlaid our school-system.” What will it do next ?

In the aristocratic class, whose members mainly compose and whose sentiment powerfully pervades the executive of this country, jealousy of State-action is, I repeat, an intelligible, a profoundly natural feeling. That, amid the tempta-

tions of office, they have remained true to it, is a proof of their practical sense, their sure tact, their moderation—the qualities which go to make that *governing spirit* for which the English aristocracy is so remarkable. And perhaps this governing spirit of theirs is destined still to stand them in good stead through all the new and changing development of modern society. Perhaps it will give them the tact to discern the critical moment at which it becomes of urgent national importance that an agency, not in itself very agreeable to them, should be used more freely than heretofore. They have had the virtue to prefer the general interest of their order to personal temptations of aggrandizing themselves through this agency ; perhaps they will be capable of the still higher virtue of admitting, in the general interest of their country, this agency, in spite of the natural prejudices, and the seeming immediate interest, of their own order. Already there are indications that this is not impossible. No thoughtful observer can have read Lord Derby's remarks last session on the regulation of our railway system, can have followed the course of a man like Sir John Pakington on the Education question, can have watched the disposition of the country gentlemen on a measure like Mr. Gladstone's Government Annuities Bill, without recognising that political instinct, that governing spirit, which often, in the aristocratic class of this country, is wiser both than the unelastic pedantry of theorising liberalism, and than their own prejudices.

The working classes have no antipathy to State-action. Against this, or against anything else, indeed, presented to them in close connexion with some proceeding which they dislike, it is, no doubt, quite possible to get them to raise a cry ; but to the thing itself they have no objection. Quite the contrary. They often greatly embarrass their liberal friends and patrons from other classes, one of whose favourite catchwords is *no State-interference*, by their resolute refusal to adopt this Shibboleth, to embrace this article of their patrons' creed. They will join

with them in their liberalism, not in their crotchets. Left to themselves, they are led, as by their plain interest, so, too, by their natural disposition, to welcome the action of the State in their behalf.

It is the middle class that has been this action's great enemy. And originally it had good reason to be its enemy. In the youth and early manhood of the English middle class, the action of the State was at the service of an ecclesiastical party. This party used the power of the State to secure their own predominance, and to enforce conformity to their own tenets. The stronghold of Nonconformity then, as now, was in the middle class; in its struggle to repel the conformity forced upon it, the middle class underwent great suffering and injustice; and it has never forgotten them. It has never forgotten that the hand which smote it—the hand which did the bidding of its High Church and prelatical enemies—was the hand of the State. It has confronted the State with hostile jealousy ever since. The State tried to do it violence, so it does not love the State; the State failed to subdue it, so it does not respect the State. It regards it with something of aversion and something of contempt. It professes the desire to limit its functions as much as possible, to restrict its action to matters where it is indispensably necessary, to make of it a mere tax-collector and policeman—the hewer of wood and drawer of water to the community.

There is another cause also which indisposes the English middle class to increased action on the part of the State. M. Amédée Thierry, in his "History of the Gauls," observes, in contrasting the Gaulish and Germanic races, that the first is characterized by the instinct of intelligence and mobility, and by the preponderant action of individuals; the second, by the instinct of discipline and order, and by the preponderant action of bodies of men. This general law of M. Thierry's has to submit to many limitations, but there is a solid basis of truth in it. Applying the law to a

people mainly of German blood like ourselves, we shall best perceive its truth by regarding the middle class of the nation. Multitudes, all the world over, have a good deal in common; aristocracies, all the world over, have a good deal in common. The peculiar national form and habit exist in the masses at the bottom of society in a loose, rudimentary, potential state; in the few at the top of society, in a state modified and reduced by various culture. The man of the multitude has not yet solidified into the typical Englishman; the man of the aristocracy has been etherealised out of him. The typical Englishman is to be looked for in the middle class. And there we shall find him, with a complexion not ill-suited M. Thierry's law; with a spirit not very open to new ideas, and not easily ravished by them, not, therefore, a great enthusiast for universal progress, but with a strong love of discipline and order—that is, of keeping things settled, and much as they are; and with a disposition, instead of lending himself to the onward-looking statesman and legislator, to act with bodies of men of his own kind, whose aims and efforts reach no further than his own. Poverty and hope make man the friend of ideals, therefore the multitude has a turn for ideals; culture and genius make man the friend of ideals, therefore the gifted, or highly-trained few, have a turn for ideals. The middle class has the whet neither of poverty nor of culture; it is not ill-off in the things of the body, and it is not highly trained in the things of the mind; therefore it has little turn for ideals: it is self-satisfied. This is a chord in the nature of the English middle class which seldom fails, when struck, to give an answer, and which some people are never weary of striking. All the variations which are played on the endless theme of *local self-government*, rely on this chord. Hardly any local government is, in truth, in this country, exercised by the middle class; almost the whole of it is exercised by the aristocratic class. Every locality in

France—that country which our middle class is taught so much to compassionate—has a genuine municipal government, in which the middle class has its due share; and by this municipal government all matters of local concern (schools among the number) are regulated: not a country parish in England has any government of this kind at all. But what is meant by the habit of local self-government, on which our middle class is so incessantly felicitated, is its habit of voluntary combination, in bodies of its own arranging, for purposes of its own choosing, purposes to be carried out within the limits fixed for a private association by its own powers. When the middle class is solemnly warned against State-interference, lest it should destroy “the habit of self-reliance and love of local self-government,” it is this habit, and the love of it, that are meant. When we are told that “nothing can be more dangerous than these constant attempts on the part of the Government to take from the people the management of its own concerns,” this is the sort of management of our own concerns that is meant; not the management of them by a regular local government, but the management of them by chance private associations. It is our habit of acting through these associations which, says Mr. Roebuck, saves us from being “a set of helpless imbeciles, totally incapable of attending to our own interests.” It is in the event of this habit being at all altered that, according to the same authority, “the greatness of this country is gone.” And the middle class, to whom that habit is very familiar and very dear, will never be insensible to language of this sort.

Finally, the English middle class has a strong practical sense and habit of affairs, and it sees that things managed by the Government are often managed ill. It sees them treated sometimes remissly, sometimes vexatiously; now with a paralysing want of fruitful energy, now with an over-busy fussiness, with rigidity, with formality, without due consideration of special

circumstances. Here, too, it finds a motive disinclining it to trust State-action, and leading it to give a willing ear to those who declaim against it.

Now, every one of these motives of distrust is respectable. Every one of them has, or once had, a solid ground. Every one of them points to some virtue in those actuated by it, which is not to be suppressed, but to find true conditions for its exercise. The English middle class was quite right in repelling State-action, when the State suffered itself to be made an engine of the High Church party to persecute Nonconformists. It gave an excellent lesson to the State in so doing. It rendered a valuable service to liberty of thought and to all human freedom. If State-action now threatened to lend itself to one religious party against another, the middle class would be quite right in again thwarting and confining it. But can it be said that the State now shows the slightest disposition to take such a course? Is such a course the course towards which the modern spirit carries the State? Does not the State show, more and more, the resolution to hold the balance perfectly fair between religious parties? The middle class has it in its own power, more than any other class, to confirm the State in this resolution. This class has the power to make it thoroughly sure—in organizing, for instance, any new system of public instruction—that the State shall treat all religious persuasions with exactly equal fairness. If, instead of holding aloof, it will now but give its aid to make State-action equitable, it can make it so.

Again, as to the “habits of self-reliance and the love of local self-government.” People talk of Government *interference*, Government *control*, as if State-action were necessarily something imposed upon them from without; something despotic and self-originated; something which took no account of their will, and left no freedom to their activity. Can any one really suppose that, in a country like this, State-action—in education, for instance—can ever be that, unless we choose to make it so?

We can give it what form we will. We can make it our agent, not our master. In modern societies the agency of the State, in certain matters, is so indispensable, that it will manage, with or without our common consent, to come into operation somehow; but when it has introduced itself without the common consent—when a great body, like the middle class, will have nothing to say to it—then its course is indeed likely enough to be not straightforward, its operation not satisfactory. But, by all of us consenting to it, we remove any danger of this kind. By really agreeing to deal in our collective and corporate character with education, we can form ourselves into the best and most efficient of voluntary societies for managing it.

We can make State-action upon it a genuine local government of it, the faithful but potent expression of our own activity. We can make the central government that mere court of disinterested review and correction which every sensible man would always be glad to have for his own activity. We shall have all our self-reliance and individual action still (in this country we shall always have plenty of them, and the parts will always be more likely to tyrannise over the whole than the whole over the parts), but we shall have had the good sense to turn them to the best account by a powerful, but still voluntary, organization. Our beneficence will be "beneficence acting by rule" (that is Burke's definition of law, as instituted by a free society), and all the more effective for that reason. Must this make us "a set of helpless imbeciles, totally incapable of attending to our own interests?" Is this "a grievous blow aimed at the independence of the English character"? Is "English self-reliance and independence" to be perfectly satisfied with what it produces already, without this organization? In middle-class education it produces, without it, the educational home and the classical and commercial academy. Are we to be proud of that? Are we to be satisfied with that? Is "the greatness of this country" to be seen in that? But it will be said

that, awakening to a sense of the badness of our middle-class education, we are beginning to improve it. Undoubtedly we are; and the most certain sign of that awakening, of those beginnings of improvement, is the disposition to resort to a public agency, to "beneficence working by rule," to help us on faster with it. When we really begin to care about a matter of this kind, we cannot help turning to the most efficient agency at our disposal. Clap-trap and commonplace lose their power over us; we begin to see that, if State-action has often its inconveniences, our self-reliance and independence are best shown in so arranging our State-action as to guard against those inconveniences, not in foregoing State-action for fear of them. So it was in elementary education. Mr. Baines says that this was already beginning to improve when Government interfered with it. Why, it was because we were all beginning to take a real interest in it—beginning to improve it—that we turned to Government—to ourselves in our corporate character—to get it improved faster. So long as we did not care much about it, we let it go its own way, and kept singing Mr. Roebuck's fine old English stave about "self-reliance." We kept crying just as he cries now: "nobody has the same interest to do well for a man as he himself has." That was all very pleasant so long as we cared not a rush whether the people were educated or no. The moment we began to concern ourselves about this, we asked ourselves what our song was worth. We asked ourselves how the bringing up of our labourers and artisans—they "doing for themselves," and "nobody having the same interest to do well for a man as he himself has"—was being done. We found it was being done detestably. Then we asked ourselves whether casual, precarious, voluntary beneficence, or "beneficence acting by rule," was the better agency for doing it better. We asked ourselves if we could not employ our public resources on this concern, if we could not make our beneficence act upon it by rule, without losing our

"habits of self-reliance," without "aiming a grievous blow at the independence of the English character." We found that we could ; we began to do it ; and we left Mr. Baines to sing in the wilderness.

Finally, as to the objection that our State-action—our "beneficence working by rule"—often bungles and does its work badly. No wonder it does. The imperious necessities of modern society force it, more or less, even in this country, into play ; but it is exercised by a class to whose cherished instincts it is opposed—the aristocratic class ; and it is watched by a class to whose cherished prejudices it is opposed—the middle class. It is hesitatingly exercised and jealously watched. It therefore works without courage, cordiality, or belief in itself. Under its present conditions it must work so, and, working so, it must often bungle. But it need not work so ; and the moment the middle class abandons its attitude of jealous aversion, the moment they frankly put their hand to it, the moment they adopt it as an instrument to do them service, it will work so no longer. Then it will not bungle ; then, if it is applied, say, to education, it will not be fussy, baffling, and barren ; it will bring to bear on this concern the energy and strong practical sense of the middle class itself.

But the middle class must make it do this. They must not expect others to do the business for them. It is they whose interest is concerned in its being done, and they must do it for themselves. Why should the upper class—the aristocratic class—do it for them ? What motive—except the distant and not very peremptory one of their general political sense, their instinct for taking the course which, for the whole country's sake, ought to be taken—have the aristocratic class to impel them to go counter to all their natural maxims, nay, and to all their seeming interest ? They do not want new schools for their children. The great public schools of the country are theirs already. Their numbers are not such as to overflow these few really public schools ; their fortunes are such

as to make the expensiveness of these schools a matter of indifference to them. The Royal Commissioners, whose report has just appeared, do not, indeed, give a very brilliant picture of the book-learning of these schools. But it is not the book-learning (easy to be improved if there is a will to improve it) that this class make their first care ; they make their first care the tone, temper, and habits generated in these schools. So long as they generate a public spirit, a free spirit, a high spirit, a governing spirit, they are not ill-satisfied. Their children are fitted to succeed them in the government of the country. Why should they concern themselves to change this state of things ? Why should they create competitors for their own children ? Why should they labour to endow another class with those great instruments of power—a public spirit, a free spirit, a high spirit, a governing spirit ? Why should they do violence to that distaste for State-action, in an aristocratic class natural and instinctive, for the benefit of the middle class ?

No ; the middle class must do this work for themselves. From them must come the demand for the satisfaction of a want that is theirs. They must leave off being frightened at shadows. They may keep (I hope they always will keep) the maxim that self-reliance and independence are the most invaluable of blessings, that the great end of society is the perfecting of the individual, the fullest, freest, and worthiest development of the individual's activity. But that the individual may be perfected, that his activity may be worthy, he must often learn to quit old habits, to adopt new, to go out of himself, to transform himself. It was said, and truly said, of one of the most unwearied and successful strivers after human perfection that have ever lived—Wilhelm von Humboldt—that it was a joy to him to feel himself modified by the operation of a foreign influence. And this may well be a joy to a man whose centre of character and whose moral force are once securely established. Through this he makes growth in perfection. Through

this he enlarges his being and fills up gaps in it; he unlearns old prejudices and learns new excellences; he makes advance towards inward light and freedom. Societies may use this means of perfection as well as individuals, and it is a characteristic (perhaps the best characteristic) of our age, that they are using it more and more. Let us look at our neighbour, France. What strikes a thoughtful observer most in modern France is the great, wide breach which is being made in the old French mind; the strong flow with which a foreign thought is pouring in and mixing with it. There is an extraordinary increase in the number of German and English books read there, books the most unlike possible to the native literary growth of France. There is a growing disposition there to pull to pieces old stock French commonplaces, and to put a bridle upon old stock French habitudes. France will not, and should not, like some English liberals, run a-muck against State-action altogether; but she shows a tendency to control her excessive State-action, to reduce it within just limits where it has overpassed them, to make a larger part to free local activity and to individuals. She will not, and should not, like Sir Archibald Alison, cry down her great Revolution as the work of Satan; but she shows more and more the power to discern the real faults of that Revolution, the real part of delusion, impotence, and transitoriness in the work of '89 or of '91, and to profit by that discernment.

Our middle class has secured for itself that centre of character and that moral force which are, I have said, the indisputable basis upon which perfection is to be founded. To securing them, its vigour in resisting the State, when the State tried to tyrannise over it, has contributed not a little. In this sense, it may be said to have made way towards perfection by repelling the State's hand. Now it has to enlarge and to adorn its spirit. I cannot seriously argue with those who deny that the independence and free action of the middle class is now, in this country, immutably secure;

I cannot treat the notion of the State now overriding it and doing violence to it, as anything but a vain chimera. Well, then, if the State can (as it can) be of service to the middle class in the work of enlarging its mind and adorning its spirit, it will now make way towards perfection by taking the State's hand. State-action is not in itself unfavourable to the individual's perfection, to his attaining his fullest development. So far from it, it is in ancient Greece, where State-action was omnipresent, that we see the individual at his very highest pitch of free and fair activity. This is because, in Greece, the individual was strong enough to fashion the State into an instrument of his own perfection, to make it serve, with a thousand times his own power, towards his own ends. He was not enslaved by it, he did not annihilate it, but he used it. Where, in modern nations, the State has maimed and crushed individual activity, it has been by operating as an alien, exterior power in the community, a power not originated by the community to serve the common weal, but entrenched among them as a conqueror with a weal of its own to serve. Just because the vigour and sturdiness of the people of this country have prevented, and will always prevent, the State from being anything of this kind, I believe we, more than any modern people, have the power of renewing, in our national life, the example of Greece. I believe that we, and our American kinsmen, are specially fit to apply State-action with advantage, because we are specially sure to apply it voluntarily.

Two things must, I think, strike any one who attentively regards the English middle class at this moment. One is the intellectual ferment which is taking place, or rather, which is beginning to take place, amongst them. It is only in its commencement as yet; but it shows itself at a number of points, and bids fair to become a great power. The importance of a change, placing in the great middle class the centre of the intellectual life of this country, can hardly be over-estimated. I have been

reproved for saying that the culture and intellectual life of our highest class seem to me to have somewhat flagged since the last century. That is my opinion, indeed, and all that I see and hear strengthens rather than shakes it. The culture of this class is not what it used to be; their value for high culture, their belief in its importance, is not what it used to be. One may see it in the public schools, one may see it in the universities. Whence come the deadness, the want of intellectual life, the poverty of acquirement after years of schooling, which the Commissioners, in their remarkable and interesting report, show us so prevalent in our most distinguished public schools? What gives to play and amusement, both there and at the universities, their present overweening importance, so that home critics cry out: "The real studies of Oxford are its 'games,'" and foreign critics cry out: "At Oxford the student is still the mere 'school-boy'?" The most experienced and acute of Oxford Heads of Houses told me himself, that when he spoke to an undergraduate the other day about trying for some distinguished scholarship, the answer he got was: "Oh, the men from the great schools don't care for those things now; the men who care about them are the men from Marlborough, Cheltenham, and the second-rate schools." Whence, I say, does this slackness, this sleep of the mind, come, except from a torpor of intellectual life, a dearth of ideas, an indifference to fine culture or disbelief in its necessity, spreading through the bulk of our highest class, and influencing its rising generation? People talk as if the culture of this class had only changed; the Greek and Roman classics, they say, are no longer in vogue as they were in Lord Chesterfield's time. Well, if this class had only gone from one source of high culture to another; if only, instead of reading Homer and Cicero, it now read Goethe and Montesquieu;—but it does not; it reads the *Times* and the *Agricultural Journal*. And it devotes itself to practical life. And it amuses itself. It is not its rising generation only which

loves play; never in all its history has our whole highest class shown such zeal for enjoying life, for amusing itself. It would be absurd to make this a matter of reproach against it. The triumphs of material progress multiply the means of material enjoyment; they attract all classes, more and more, to taste of this enjoyment; on the highest class, which possesses in the amplest measure these means, they must needs exercise this attraction very powerfully. But every thoughtful observer can perceive that the ardour for amusement and enjoyment, often educative and quickening to a toil-numbered working class or a short-lived middle class, whose great want is expansion, tends to become enervative and weakening to an aristocratic class—a class which must rule by superiority of all kinds, superiority not to be won without contention of spirit and a certain severity. I think, therefore, both that the culture of our highest class has declined, and that this declension, though natural and venial, impairs its power.

Yet in this vigorous country everything has a wonderful ability for self-restoration, and he would be a bold prophet who should deny that the culture of our highest class may recover itself. But however this may be, there is no doubt that a liberal culture, a fulness of intellectual life, in the middle class, is a far more important matter, a far more efficacious stimulant to national progress, than the same powers in an aristocratic class. Whatever may be its culture, an aristocratic class will always have at bottom, like the young man in Scripture with great possessions, an inaptitude for ideas; but, besides this, high culture or ardent intelligence, pervading a large body of the community, acquire a breadth of basis, a sum of force, an energy of central heat for radiating further, which they can never possess when they pervade a small upper class only. It is when such a broad basis is obtained that individual genius gets its proper nutriment and is animated to put forth its best powers; this is the secret of rich and beautiful epochs in national

life: the epoch of Pericles in Greece, the epoch of Michael Angelo in Italy, the epoch of Shakspeare in England. Our actual middle class has not yet, certainly, the fine culture, the living intelligence, which quickened great bodies of men at these epochs; but it has the forerunner, the preparer, the indispensable initiator; it is traversed by a strong intellectual ferment. It is the middle class which has real mental ardour, real curiosity; it is the middle class which is the great reader; that immense literature of the day which we see surging up all round us,—literature the absolute value of which it is almost impossible to rate too humbly, literature hardly a word of which will reach, or deserves to reach, the future,—it is the middle class which calls it forth, and its evocation is at least a sign of a widespread mental movement in that class. Will this movement go on and become fruitful; will it conduct the middle class to a high and commanding pitch of culture and intelligence? That depends on the sensibility which the middle class has for *perfection*; that depends on its power to *transform itself*.

And it is not yet manifest how far it possesses this power. For—and here I pass to the second of those two things which particularly, I have said, strike him who observes the English middle class just now—in its public action this class has hitherto shown only the power and disposition to *affirm itself*, not at all the power and disposition to *transform itself*. That, indeed, is one of the deep-seated instincts of human nature, but of vulgar human nature—of human nature not high-souled and aspiring after perfection—to esteem itself for what it is, to try to establish itself just as it is, to try even to impose itself with its stock of habits, pettinesses, narrownesses, shortcomings of every kind, on the rest of the world as a conquering power. But nothing has really a right to be satisfied with itself, to be and remain itself, except that which has reached perfection; and nothing has the right to impose itself on the rest of the world as a conquering force, except that which

is of higher perfection than the rest of the world. And such is the fundamental constitution of human affairs, that the measure of right proves also, in the end, the measure of power. Before the English middle class can have the right or the power to assert itself absolutely, it must have greatly perfected itself. It has been jokingly said of this class, that all which the best of it cared for was summed up in these two alliterative words—*Business and Bethels*, and that all which the rest of it cared for was the *Business* without the *Bethels*. No such jocose and slighting phrase can convey any true sense of what the religion of the English middle class has been really to it; what a source of vitality, energy, and persistent vigour. “They who wait on the Lord,” says Isaiah, in words not less true than they are noble, “*shall renew their strength*,” and the English middle class owes to its religion not only comfort in the past, but also a vast latent force of unworn life and strength for future progress. But the Puritanism of the English middle class, which has been so great an element of strength to them, has by no means brought them to perfection; nay, by the rigid mould in which it has cast their spirit, it has kept them back from perfection. The most that can be said of it is, that it has supplied a stable basis on which to build perfection; it has given them character, though it has not given them culture. But it is in making endless additions to itself, in the endless expansion of its powers, in endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal; to reach this ideal, culture is an indispensable aid, and that is the true value of culture. The life of aristocracies, with its large and free use of the world, its converse with great affairs, its exemption from sordid cares, its liberation from the humdrum provincial round, its outward splendour and refinement, is a kind of outward shadow of this ideal, a prophecy of it; and there lies the secret of the charm of aristocracies, and of their power over men’s minds. In a country like England, the middle

class, with its industry and its Puritanism, and nothing more, will never be able to make way beyond a certain point, will never be able to divide power with the aristocratic class, much less to win for itself a preponderance of power. While it only tries to affirm its actual self, to impose its actual self, it has no charm for men's minds, and can achieve no great triumphs. And this is all it attempts at present. The Conservative reaction, of which we hear so much just now, is in great part merely a general indisposition to let the middle-class spirit, working by its old methods, and having only its old self to give us, establish itself at all points and become master of the situation. Particularly on Church questions is this true. In this sphere of religion, where feeling and beauty are so all-important, we shrink from giving to the middle-class spirit, limited as we see it, with its sectarianism, its under-culture, its intolerance, its bitterness, its unloveliness, too much its own way. Before we give it quite its own way, we insist on its making itself into something larger, newer, more fruitful. This is what the recent Church-Rate divisions really mean, and the lovers of perfection, therefore, may accept them without displeasure. They are the voice of the nation crying to the *untransformed* middle class (if it will receive it) with a voice of thunder: "The future is not yours!"

And let me say, in passing, that the indifference, so irritating to some persons, with which European opinion has received the break-up of the old American Union has at bottom a like ground. I put the question of slavery on one side; so far as the resolution of that question depends on the issue of the conflict between the North and the South, every one may wish this party or that to prevail. But Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden extol the old American Republic as something interesting and admirable in itself, and are displeased with those who are not afflicted at its disaster, and not jealous for its restoration. Mr. Bright is an orator of genius; Mr. Cobden is a man of splendid understanding. But why do they refuse to

perceive, that, apart from all class jealousy of aristocracies towards a democratic republic, there existed in the most impartial and thoughtful minds a profound dissatisfaction with the spirit and tendencies of the old American Union, a strong aversion to their unchecked triumph, a sincere wish for the disciplining and correcting of them? And what were the old United States but a colossal expression of the English middle-class spirit, somewhat more accessible to ideas there than here, because of the democratic air it breathed, much more arrogant and overweening there than here, because of the absence of all check and counterpoise to it—but there, as here, full of rawness, hardness, and imperfection; there, as here, greatly needing to be liberalised, enlarged, and ennobled, before it could with advantage be suffered to assert itself absolutely. All the energy and success in the world could not make the United States admirable so long as their spirit had this imperfection. Even if they had overrun the whole earth, their old national style would have still been detestable, and Mr. Beecher would have still been a painted barbarian. But they could not thus triumph, they could not make their rule thus universal, so long as their spirit was thus imperfect. They had not power enough over the minds of men. Now they are transforming their spirit in the furnace of civil war; with what success we shall in due time see. But the lovers of perfection in America itself ought to rejoice—some of them, no doubt, do rejoice—that the national spirit should be compelled, even at any cost of suffering, to transform itself, to become something higher, ampler, more gracious. To be glad that it should be compelled thus to transform itself, that it should not be permitted to triumph untransformed, is no insult, no unkindness; it is a homage to perfection. It is a religious devotion to that providential order which forbids the final supremacy of imperfect things. God keeps tossing back to the human race its failures, and commanding it to try again.

In the Crusade of Peter the Hermit, where the hosts that marched were not filled after the customary composition of armies, but contained along with the fighters whole families of people—old men, women, and children, swept by the universal torrent of enthusiasm towards the Holy Land—the marches, as might have been expected, were tedious and painful. Long before Asia was reached, long before even Europe was half traversed, the little children in that travelling multitude began to fancy, with a natural impatience, that their journey must surely be drawing to an end; and every evening, as they came in sight of some town which was the destination of their day's march, they cried out eagerly to those who were with them, "*Is this Jerusalem?*" No, poor children, not this town, nor the next, nor yet the next, is Jerusalem; Jerusalem is far off, and it needs time, and strength, and much endurance to reach it. Seas and mountains, labour and peril, hunger and thirst, disease and death, are between Jerusalem and you.

So, when one marks the ferment and stir of life in the middle class at this moment, and sees this class impelled to take possession of the world, and to assert itself and its own actual spirit absolutely, one is disposed to exclaim to it, "*Jerusalem is not yet.*" Your present spirit is not Jerusalem, is not the goal you have to reach, the place you may be satisfied in. And when one says this, they sometimes fancy that one has the same object as others who say the same to them; that one means that they are to yield themselves to be moulded by some existing force, their rival; that one wishes Nonconformity to take the law from actual Anglicanism, and the middle class from the present governing class; that one think Anglicanism Jerusalem, and the English aristocratic class Jerusalem.

I do not mean, or wish, or think this, though many, no doubt, do. It is not easy for a reflecting man, who has studied its origin, to feel any vehement enthusiasm for Anglicanism; Henry the Eighth and his parliaments have taken

care of that. One may esteem it as a beneficent social and civilising agent. One may have an affection for it from life-long associations, and for the sake of much that is venerable and interesting which it has inherited from antiquity. One may cherish gratitude to it—and here, I think, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who fights against it the battle of the Nonconformists with so much force and so much ability, is a little ungrateful—for the shelter and basis for culture which this, like other great nationally established forms of religion, affords; those who are born in them can get forward on their road, instead of always eyeing the ground on which they stand and disputing about it. But actual Anglicanism is certainly not Jerusalem, and I should be sorry to think it the end which Nonconformity and the middle class are to reach. The actual governing class, again, the English aristocratic class (in the widest sense of the word *aristocratic*)—I cannot wish that the rest of the nation—the new and growing part of the nation—should be transformed in spirit exactly according to the image of that class. The merits and services of that class no one rates higher than I do; no one appreciates higher than I do the value of the relative standard of elevation, refinement, and grandeur, which they have exhibited; no one would more strenuously oppose the relinquishing of this for any lower standard. But I cannot hide from myself that while modern societies increasingly tend to find their best life in a free and heightened spiritual and intellectual activity, to this tendency aristocracies offer at least a strong passive resistance by their secular prejudices, their incurable dearth of ideas. In modern, rich, and industrial societies, they tend to misplace the ideal for the classes below them; the immaterial chivalrous ideal of high descent and honour is, by the very nature of the case, of force only for aristocracies themselves; the immaterial modern ideal of spiritual and intellectual perfection through culture they have not to communicate. What they can and do communicate is the material ideal of

splendour of wealth, and weight of property. And this ideal is the ideal truly operative upon our middle classes at this moment. To be as rich as they can, that they may reach the splendour of wealth and weight of property, and, with time, the importance, of the actual heads of society, is their ambition. I do not blame them, or the class from which they get their ideal; all I say is, that the good ideal for humanity, the true Jerusalem, is an ideal more spiritual than brilliant wealth and boundless property, an ideal in which more can participate. The beloved friends of humanity have been those who made it feel its ideal to be in the things of the mind and spirit, to be in an internal condition, separable from wealth, and accessible to all—men like St. Francis, the ardent bridegroom of poverty; men like the great personages of antiquity, almost all of them, as Lacordaire was so fond of saying, poor. Therefore, that the middle class should simply take its ideal from the aristocratic class I do not wish. That the aristocratic class should be able absolutely to assert itself and its own spirit, is not my desire. No, no; they are not Jerusalem.

The truth is, the English spirit has to accomplish an immense evolution; nor, as that spirit at this moment presents itself in any class or description amongst us, can one be perfectly satisfied with it, can one wish it to prevail just as it is.

But in a transformed middle class, in a middle class raised to a higher and more genial culture, we may find, not, perhaps, Jerusalem, but, I am sure, a notable stage towards it. In that great class, strong by its numbers, its energy, its industry, strong by its freedom from frivolity, not by any law of nature prone to immobility of mind, actually at this moment agitated by a spreading ferment of mind, in that class, liberalised by an ampler culture, admitted to a wider sphere of thought, living by larger ideas, with its provincialism dissipated, its intolerance cured, its pettinesses purged away,—what a power there will be, what an element of new life for

England! Then let the middle class rule, then let it affirm its own spirit, when it has thus perfected itself.

And I cannot see any means so direct and powerful for developing this great and beneficent power as the public establishment of schools for the middle class. By public establishment they may be made cheap and accessible to all. By public establishment they may give securities for the culture offered in them being really good and sound, and the best that our time knows. By public establishment they may communicate to those reared in them the sense of being brought in contact with their country, with the national life, with the life of the world; and they will expand and dignify their spirits by communicating this sense to them. I can see no other mode of institution which will offer the same advantages in the same degree.

I cannot think that the middle class will be much longer insensible to its own evident interests. I cannot think that, for the pleasure of being complimented on this self-reliance by Lord Fortescue and Mr. Roebuck, they will much longer forego a course leading them to their own true dignity instead of away from it. I know that with men who have reached or passed the middle of life, the language and habits of years form a network round the spirit through which it cannot easily break; and among the elder leaders of the middle class there are men whom I would give much to persuade—men of weight and character, like Mr. Baines, men of character and culture too, like Mr. Miall—whom I must not, I fear, hope to persuade. But among the younger leaders of this class—even of that part of it where resistance is most to be apprehended—among the younger Dissenting ministers, for instance, there exists, I do believe, a disposition not fixedly averse to the public establishment of education for the middle classes—a willingness, at any rate, to consider a project of this kind on its merits. Amongst them particularly is the ferment and expansion of mind, of which I have spoken,

perceptible; their sense of the value of culture, and their culture itself, increases every day. Well, the old bugbear which scares us all away from the great confessed means of best promoting this culture—the religious difficulty, as it is called—is potent only so long as these gentlemen please. It rests solely with themselves to procure the public establishment of secondary instruction upon a perfectly equitable basis as regards religious differences. If its establishment is suffered to fix itself in private hands, those hands will be the clergy's. It is to the honour of the clergy—of their activity, of their corporate spirit, of their sense of a pressing want—that this should be so. But in that case the dominant force in settling the teaching in these schools will be clerical. Their organization will be ecclesiastical. Mr. Woodard tells us so himself; and indeed he (very naturally) makes a merit of it. This is not what the Dissenters want, neither is it what the movement of the modern spirit tends to. But when instruction has once been powerfully organized in this manner, it is very difficult for the State afterwards to interfere for the purpose of giving effect to the requirements of the modern spirit. It is met by vested interests—by legitimate vested interests—not to be conciliated without great delay and difficulty. It is not easy for the State to impose a conscience clause on primary schools, when the establishment of those schools has been for the most part made by the clergy. It is not easy to procure the full benefits of the national universities to Nonconformists, when Anglicanism has got a vested interest in the colleges. Neither will it be easy hereafter, in secondary instruction, to settle the religious difficulty equitably, if the establishment of that instruction shall have been effected by private bodies in which clerical influence predominates.

I hope the middle class will not much longer delay to take a step on which its future value and dignity and influence so much depend. By taking this step they will indirectly confer a

great boon upon the lower class also. This obscure embryo, only just beginning to move, travelling in labour and darkness, so much left out of account when we celebrate the glories of our Atlantis, now and then, by so mournful a glimpse, showing itself to us in Lambeth, or Spitalfields, or Dorsetshire; this immense working class, now so without a practicable passage to all the joy and beauty of life, for whom in an aristocratic class which is unattainable by them there is no possible ideal, for whom in a middle class, narrow, ungenial, and unattractive, there is no adequate ideal, will have, in a cultured, liberalised, ennobled, transformed middle class, a point towards which it may hopefully work, a goal towards which it may with joy direct its aspirations.

Children of the future, whose day has not yet dawned, you, when that day arrives, will hardly believe what obstructions were long suffered to prevent its coming! You who, with all your faults, have neither the aridity of aristocracies, nor the narrow-mindedness of middle classes—you, whose power of simple enthusiasm is your best gift, will not comprehend how progress towards man's best perfection—the adorning and ennobling of his spirit—should have been reluctantly undertaken; how it should have been for years and years retarded by barren common-places, by worn-out clap-traps. You will wonder at the labour of its friends in proving the self-proving; you will know nothing of the doubts, the fears, the prejudices they had to dispel; nothing of the outcry they had to encounter; of the fierce protestations of life from policies which were dead and did not know it, and the shrill, querulous upbraiding from publicists in their dotage. But you, in your turn, with difficulties of your own, will be mounting some new step in the arduous ladder whereby man climbs towards his perfection; towards that unattainable but irresistible lode-star, gazed after with earnest longing, and invoked with bitter tears; the longing of thousands of hearts, the tears of many generations.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.